

JANUARY 1974

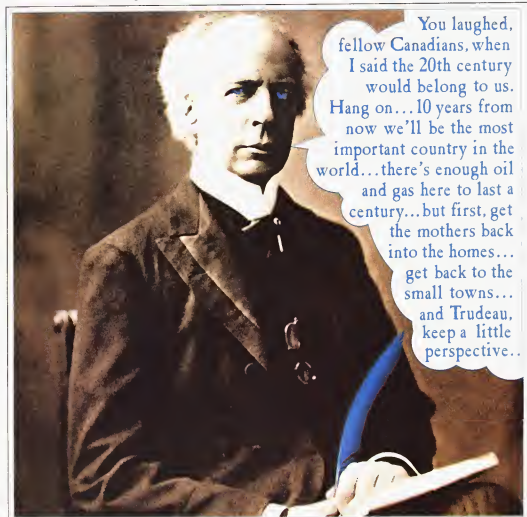
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

Macleans

Computer sex and the luck of love
How you can fight city hall
The day LBJ pistol-whipped our Mike



You laughed,
fellow Canadians, when
I said the 20th century
would belong to us.
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now we'll be the most
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world... there's enough oil
and gas here to last a
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the mothers back
into the homes...
get back to the
small towns...
and Trudeau,
keep a little
perspective..

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and 43 others predict 1974



For people with a taste for something better.



Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

Maclean's

JANUARY 1974

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Cover photograph by Errol Ender

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

When you're a 44-year-old magazine, it becomes absolutely essential to temper maturity with a convincing curiosity about the world. You're always looking for new blood.

That's why *Maclean's* has a tradition that might well be called the Rising Turtles. There are always a few editors and writers on staff still enjoying the sky tale of 33. It's a tradition that goes back a long way, and has included such writers as Pierre Berton, Alexander Ross, Barbara Moore, Ken Leffler, Peter Gzowski, John Macfarlane and Chandra Newman. The present editor was himself an assistant

editor, Judith Pothoven, is from Thunder Bay. Rural to big city, they've known the Canadian landscape. They have experience in the book publishing industry, inside magazines, research, theatre and five off. Galt, the artist, is already known as a competent designer, and his imagination was particularly evident last year when he scripted the country's political leaders in *Celluloid* for our January cover. The assistant editors handle everything from letter answering to writing articles—and occasionally even appear in models for the illustrations.

Whenever a massive undertaking is called for, as it was in our production package, which begins on page 26, it usually falls to the youngest in the condition it all. It's a learning process; they're the ones who ask the relevant questions — and that, after all, is what this magazine is all about.

This year's hard includes assistant editor Elaine Dewar and Roy MacGowrie (left), and senior art director Paul Galt. Dewar comes from Saskatoon, MacGowrie from Blenheim, Ontario, Galt from Hamilton, and



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THE VIEW FROM HERE / PETER C. NEWMAN

Shaping our cities for beauty and joy

It seems like only the day before yesterday when Canadian cities were very different places. Milk horses plodded the streets and kids ran after ice wagons. The only theatre available was provided by the British and American road companies that lapsed into the local vaudeville houses, the only foreigner most people knew were Italian train vendors and Chinese laundrymen, and the only place to get a first-class dinner was amid the glimmering elegance of the downtown railway hotels. The cities were comfortably governed by ward politicians who evolved in a kind of leisurely Darwinian progression from school trustees, to aldermen, to controllers, and on to ultimate glory—the mayor's office—without learning much in the process.

In the article that leads off this issue Walter Stewart examines how our cities have changed, how they are being governed and misgoverned, what the prospects are for accommodating the 61% of Canadians who will live in them by the end of this decade "Our cities," he writes, "can be allowed to sag under their now growth into U.S.-style urban jungles, or they can be developed rationally to benefit from all the advantages, economic, cultural and social, implied in urban living. Which way we go depends in large measure, on how successful we are in adapting today's fragmented political approach to its new task."

The so-called urban crisis, it has always seemed to me, is really a human crisis: the question of whether the dignity of everyday life can be maintained in the crush of the megapolitan. Whether we can breathe the air, see the sky, swim in the water, get to work, relax under a tree, put plants in a vase with any grace within the city boundaries. No expert and no single metropolitan government can formulate precise solutions to those and the other nagging issues of city life. Nobody has yet discovered precisely how we can provide housing for a banting population and yet stop developers from gobbling up whole sections of houses. Someone has yet to figure out how we can move cars from the suburbs to downtown and back again without building notorious expressways that more than anything else dehumanize the city, making it a place of overpasses instead of neighborhoods.

Part of the answer, of course, is to elect a new breed of politicians to municipal office, men and women with flexible minds and contemporary outlooks. But mayors, no matter how enlightened, will not be able to bridge the gap between responsibility and power that now exists at most city halls without a drastic revision of tax revenue sharing. (Some 54% of tax revenues now go to Ottawa, 24% to the provinces; and only 12% to the municipalities.) Toronto's David Crombie, a leader among the new breed of Canadian mayors, recently complained: "We local controller governments tend to repressive, inelastic revenue sources. We find ourselves powerless to move into new areas like housing, health care, and cultural activities, despite the very real public demand for expanded services."

Local governments are caught between using expenditures (400% is the past decade) and cashless revenues based on property assessments, which grow far more slowly than sales or income taxes. Dr. J. A. Johnson, a McMaster University economist, has already suggested that municipalities may have to impose their own sales and income taxes. Tax-wary Canadians would probably prefer to have their season governments transfer an equalized tax points to the cities (downs and villages too, of course) so that the level of government accountable for spending the money also becomes responsible for misusing it. Whether we like it or not, we have become a nation of city states. It is time to stop pretending that Canada is a federation, that we can effectively be controlled in all the essential quality-of-life issues by a cozy club of distant experts.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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A test of guts: Bob Stanfield vs. the yahoos

Politics is a game of nerve, and one of the indispensable requirements for political leadership is a kind of calculating courage. Now that it looks as if Robert Stanfield may be our next prime minister, much of the speculation in Ottawa turns on the question of his courage. In brief, the question is: how would Stanfield as prime minister have the guts to get rid of some of the clackheads, rednecks, oddballs, yahoos, hucksters and shysters who occupy many of the House of Commons benches around him, or would he put them in his cabinet simply because it would be too painful to turn them away?

I have spent several days exploring this issue with Stanfield aides, Tory officials, MPs of all stripes, and some of those whose presence in—or absence from—a Stanfield cabinet will be a measure of his courage. It has been a puzzling assignment. Every potential cabinet minister denies, flat out, that he has any particular neurosis in mind, or even considers himself prime cabinet material. "Whatever The Leader decides," goes the formula, "will be good enough for me." As it happens, there is a list of shadow cabinet portfolios, which is revised from time to time (the most recent shake took place in late October). This list is always treated with a cautious warning that it does not represent a future cabinet. Just the same, if you or I were told to learn more about the Department of Justice, Chris Latta, and if at the same time we were making the Gallup Poll, we would be wondering whether we got a clackhead, and asking about the color of the drapes in the minister's office.

Not the Tories' Mox who, in private, used all stages of wandering notes, upturned spears and rigid demands, in public will only say that any old bone that drops from The Leader's table is good enough for them. Stanfield himself refuses to discuss his intentions at all, and his aides insist that nobody knows what he will do when the time comes.

There is a reason for this reticence, of course: no one wants to appear too anxious, and no leader wants to narrow his options or offend his

friends (there is no curb more potent than a premade portfolio, and no fury—not even a woman's—greater than a portfolio assigned), but it is possible to wish Stanfield would level with us.

After all, his cabinet choices determine the kind of government we would get under Stanfield, who is not a man to take all power into his own hands. Suppose, for example, we were faced with a Tory administration containing the following luminaries in key posts:

External Affairs—Claude Wagner
Indian and Northern Affairs—Walter Didsdale

Justice—John Diefenbaker
Finance—Marcel Lambert
Agriculture—Jack Herriot
Energy—Angus MacLean
Urban Affairs—Eldon Woolliams
Industry, Trade and Commerce—Paul Hellyer

National Defense—George Haas
Secretary of State—Eloyd Crossen
That would be one kind of government, just to the right of George III in its political orientation, difficult to describe ("benark" springs to the quack's mind), but possible. Every one of these names, except John Diefenbaker's, appears in the Tory shadow cabinet list, and five of them (Wagner, Lambert, Woolliams, Hellyer, Haas) are in the positions given.

But consider another possible lineup:

External Affairs—Gordon Fairweather

Indian and Northern Affairs—Flora MacDonald

Justice—Ed Robison

Finance—Erin Gilpin

Agriculture—Jack Martin

Energy—Alvin Hamilton

Urban Affairs—Howard Griffithy

Industry, Trade and Commerce—Ron Atkey

National Defense—Hersch Macgurney

Secretary of State—David MacDonald

A cabinet dominated by these choices would not only be younger, it would be far more liberal (and, in my view, the superior). The difference between the two cabinets is the difference between conservatism and reform. And if, for one, would like to know which Stanfield has in mind before I cast my vote.

If I can't know that, I'd like to know at least how firm he will be in making the irreversible compromise between the cabinet he wants and the one he may be stuck with (Eldon Woolliams says there are three MPs in cabinet making Republicanism, Religion and the Right Mix, and he puts



A cartoon from another one Stanfield. Don't forget them in that order). On that point, there are some hints. Flaky MacDonald, Stanfield's top aide, says, "He never hesitated to stick down when he was premier of Nova Scotia." And, "The reason this party has held together is that none of Stanfield's distractions dared to face his level gaze." This testimony would be more impressive (a) if, when passed for an example of The Leader's Nova Scotia toughness, MacDonald had not said he'd chewing out all ministers who seemed at all out of line; and (b) if it wasn't clear to the naked eye that the Conservative party is far from united. Stanfield's level gaze notwithstanding.

During a recent appearance in Halifax, the Conservative leader insisted that he could and would be "ruthless" in selecting a cabinet, and a number of Tories read this as a signal that he will, in fact, divest himself of some of the party's flock of shysters, presumably by firing them up to the Senate after a decent post-election interval ("After all," said Woolliams, "what's a Senate for?").

Ten not so sure. The Tories, if they form a government, will almost certainly have a shuffling one; then will be no MPs to spare, and no opportunity for the history of an in-house squabble over the spoils.

Stanfield, if he is skilled and lucky will have some tough choices to make: they would be better made sooner rather than later, and with less private rivalry than fuzzy haze. After all, more than anyone else, a prime minister is judged by the company he keeps—or sheds.

PARADE

In the Haystack Restaurant in Ottawa, the writers gathered around a number of tables from time to time one evening last month to say Happy Birthday To You to one or another Stan-

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a whole lot
about stereo
from the
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ing customers. Then, at about 10 p.m., bearing still another coffee-cake, they paraded over to another celebrating group and, singing fit to bust, selected a grand prize winner. "Happy Vancouy to You, Happy Vancouy to You, Happy Vancouy, Dear Romeo..."

It got a solid burst of applause.

CITIES / ALEXANDER ROSS

Soft lights and a soft sell seduce a city

At first, the marking of Toronto City Hall looked like a case of misapplied goodwill. On one side was Frederick (Big Daddy) Gaudier, the wily owner of Toronto's metropolitan form of government and Metro's first chairman — a figure of enormous prestige, a sort of municipal Churchill, one of the few living Ontarians to have an expensive named after him (Fleming Gaudier, who is now chairman of Toronto Hydro, was a high-powered collection of expensive lighting engineers, the deputy chief of police, representatives of several house-painting groups). They hovered around the green-roofed, scholastic-like groupings at a rock concert.

On the other side sat Ralf Kelson, a young-looking 25-year-old Vancouver artist who was, open-ended street and a small fringe of hand. For the past 15 months, Kelson has been hitchhiking or being invited around the country, staying with friends or at YMCAs, making a personal study of how Canadian cities light their streets — and how the virtually unmarked shift to bigger, brighter streetlights is subtly changing the urban environment.

Gaudier and his host of experts, and the solitary Ralf Kelson, constituted opposing delegations before the city's Public Works Committee. The question was kind of lights should be installed on a northern stretch of Yonge Street, Toronto's main drag?

Only a year or so ago, in almost any Canadian city, this question would scarcely have been debated at all. Anonymous engineers would have simply ordered insensitive forms of lighting; in their judgment, given the recent aluminous at the least cost — usually this means sodium or mercury vapor — and city council, routinely,

would have approved their decision. This process has been going on, in its quiet way, for decades. But the fact that the nighttime look and feel of our cities has been changing didn't dawn on Kelson until last year. As an artist, he'd been building environmental sculptures and had become fascinated with neon signs and with the Art Deco style of the 1930s. Then, strolling one night through the luminous theater of Vancouver's West End, he suddenly realized that the friendly strains of his youth, lit by incandescent streetlights, were turning blue. Engineers had replaced the West End's incandescent streetlights with uncolored mercury vapor, a light source that bleeds the color out of everything, turning purple and straggles a supple, blue-gray.

Since he wanted to see the country anyway, Kelson got a bank loan and bought a train heading west. He'd decided to find out what was happening to light consciousness in every major Canadian city. In more than a year of wandering, he interviewed lighting engineers in most big Canadian cities, artists, National Research Council scientists, American environmentalists, manufacturers, lighting designers. He became an expert on a subject that the public is hardly aware of in Canada, and a sudden observer of Canadian nightscapes.

What he found across the country wasn't depressed here, Calgary and Edmonton. "The most Americanized city in Canada, competing to outdo each other in quantity of light," Regina was yellow and blue, a mixture of incandescent and mercury vapor. Ottawa was unconsciously incandescent. Montreal was getting white but, in Kelson's view, released by the hundreds of neon signs designed by craftsmen of the 1930s and 1940s. Then last November, he arrived in Toronto, and discovered "the last incandescent city in North America."

"It goes with the structure and the Victorian architecture," he says, "in-low and funky. It gives the place a quality that's becoming irreplaceable. Some of the lighting is 20 years old, but already the engineers are calling it old-fashioned." Looking in at that incandescent, Kelson decided to stick around for a while.

Kelson's basic goal is that all public lighting, both indoors and out, should approximate as closely as possible the spectrum of natural sunlight. He has a brochure full of scientific studies which indicate that incandescent light affects people and animals in odd and disquieting ways (one U.S. experiment, for instance, found that rats reared under cool-spectrum fluorescent light had undersized genitals — which may explain to a number of wives why their office-worker husbands are less than ardent at bedtime).

At last September's meeting, the experts presented impressive evidence. Polyethylene sockets, lamps, as incandescent, would use less power and cost only one-third as much as incandescent. Jack Ackroyd, the deputy police chief, told the councillors that higher illumination levels on Yonge Street would cut crime — and census statistics indicated that, on streets of the street where the lighting had already been upgraded, serious crime had increased.

Then Kelson gave his quiet pitch. It was based on aesthetics and the environment, but he cited economic reasons too. For one thing, he said, the incandescent lamps were already there. He argued that the higher illumination levels the engineering community is currently striving for can be traced to the interests of a few U.S. manufacturers.

The decision wasn't even close. The committee, after four hours of debate, agreed with Kelson six to three. City Council endorsed the committee's vote a few weeks later. Yonge Street will stay the way it is — dominated by an obsolete and wasteful light source, according to many experts, but awfully pleasant to walk around in.



A city's lighting affects how we think.



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PHILANTHROPY/HARRY BRUCE

The home that love built for the handicapped

The Premier himself would drop down to the hilltop in his red-and-black helicopter. The big band from CFB Halifax *frantically* would be camped *every* only all through the night of the late afternoon, there'd be surgeons, bands of hospital, professors, bankers, educators, MPs, mayors, clergymen, merchant princes, lawyers, deputy ministers, admirals, top dogs from all over Lunenburg County, from all over the province, and there might be 1,000 lesser folk who'd all come out to see the sudden little miracle of the Henry Lea Farm School in Chester, NS, and the brain-damaged kids, the ones the whole beautiful shoving was really all about, they'd be there, too, holding the vision for the Premier to cut, and then, on the day before this protocol of all openings, somebody remembered. No flapping! Good God, how can you have a grand opening without a flapping?

So David Stevens came over from Second Peninsular David Stevens, the master schooner-builder, in the town where he built his superb vessels, he'd already fashioned a magnificent table for Henry Lea's boardroom and now, he and David Chabing, the school principal, dropped a big part out of Henry Lea's own forest and, after eight hours of sweaty work, they had it up. Unfinished but up. And sure enough, when the Premier arrived, the flag of Nova Scotia flew in the breeze off the sturdy poles.

Stevens is one among several hundred people of the South Shore who've assembled, to one degree or another, so a sudden passion to make Henry Lea Farm the happiest, most loving, most understanding, most responsibly experimental, most open and respectful school for the handicapped anywhere in the country. The respect is for the separate talents and human worth of kids, teenagers and adults whose mental, physical and emotional deficiencies often inspire "normal" society to declare them unfit for anything.

The bulk of the effort to build Henry Lea has come from Nova Scotians. The bulk of the inspiration first came from a rich American couple, Dr. and Mrs. David Baker of St. Davids, Pennsylvania, who chose in 1971 to settle forever in Chester. The bulk of the money has come, through their influence and energy, from other rich Americans. The school opened out as a few people's heads as little more than a cottage-workshop but the dream expanded so fast that it's now already out at least \$400,000, and it's far from finished. By mid-year there'll be 75 students there, ranging in age from 5 to 50, and the whole adventure represents a style of U.S. investment in Canada that few South Coast people feel like looking these days.

Mrs. Baker is one of those rarely comfortable Americans whose families have spent their summers down in the old, green, seaside charm of Chester since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. She is a slight, wiry, quiet woman with graying hair, her face of both warmth and moral resolve. Her different manner, however, belies her determination. It is no accident to the self-effacing, after-hours work of dozens of Nova Scotian friends of the Henry Lea Farm School to say that, without her, it simply would not have happened.

David Chabing, the principal, who happens to be the father of a brain-injured child himself, says, "Never underestimate the drive of a parent of a handicapped child," and, in a sense, the story of the Henry Lea Farm School begins more than a dozen years ago when the third of the Baker six children fell victim to cerebral palsy. Her name is Henry and, when she was four, medical authorities in Boston felt her parents to put her in an institution, that she would never walk or talk. Henry is pretty well grown up now. She smiles and talks. At the Henry Lea Farm School.

One year ago, the school did not exist. Now, it's the biggest new, wooden structure in the province. It's got 15,000 square feet of floor space and, if it looks like an institution at all, it's the sort of place you always hoped the dining hall of a beautiful summer camp would be. The outside

shingles are the familiar cedar shakes of old Nova Scotia. The whole place struggles against the hill like a century-old barn to a valley and, inside, the light from the day combines with the warm, soothing tones of pine, and spruce to build good moods. The architect, Alan Lerner of Chester and Halifax, says it's a pretty good mood himself at the grand opening.

The building has 22 doors to release the youngsters to the gardens, crops, livestock, barn and forest wilderness that the school also owns. "One day," Chabing says, "it will be labeled for itself as a pretty good mood itself at the grand opening."

The school has already inspired not only a certain amount of focused attention among authorities on mental retardation in the United Kingdom, the States and other Canadian provinces, but also the zealous and careful cooperation of educational and medical authorities in Nova Scotia. It has attracted some financial support from the municipal and federal governments, but nowhere else enough to keep it going for long without charging tuition. And, for anyone sour enough to harbor a cynical thought during the bright joy of the grand opening, there was a touch of irony in the star billing the Premier received.

The Bakers are neither early enough nor politically dumb enough to blame anyone for the terrible educational dilemma in which Henry found himself in Nova Scotia. The truth, however, is that they rapidly discovered that, as their part of the province opened, the public education system offered no special programs at all for kids like Henry. And several life-changing experiences finally drilled home to Mrs. Baker the lesson that, if she wanted for the Kenyan government to risk so awful lot of the Resources of Nova Scotia might have to live an untenable long time before they would ever get a school they would call their own.

It was only then that she, and a



Henry Lea Farm: getting away from playing school with and here creating concrete walls

few Nova Scotians and Americans, decided that, well, they'd just have to make the place themselves. And when the Montreal circus came to the edition — just before the school had out the 3,000 sandwiches and 5,000 cookies that the ladies of the South Shore had shipped together — the Premier asked Mrs. David Baker, of Passy-on and Chester, to mix, please, and share the cookies with him. It was certainly the grandest thing to do.

SPORTS / WALTER DOBRICH

Muscling to the top in the tough world of chess

Deacon Suttles, a 27-year-old Vancouver mathematician and stock-trading speculator, has gone into physical training. He does push-ups and sit-ups, he even reps in the arena about his apartment. Suttles is now training for a gold medal at the 1976 Montreal Olympics. He's training for a series of chessman matches that he hopes will lead him to a match for the world chess championship in 1978.

The popular image of a chess player may be of a frail intellectual in a rumpled suit peering owlishly through bottle-thick lenses. But the real chess masters that select group of fewer than 100 in the world who can call themselves grand masters of the game, know that they must have physical stamina to back up their brainpower and that they can never hope to be world champions.

Michael Botvinnik, the great Soviet chess champion, and world champion between 1948 and 1963, always went into rigorous physical training before serious matches. The current champion, Bobby Fischer, bowls, swims and plays tennis to prepare for his games. When he was the world title from 1957 to 1959, he trained in 1972, Fischer secured an exclusive out of the best swimming pool throughout the two-month match.

Ask Deacon Suttles whether he thinks he can go all the way to the world championship and he'll bring the question back. But he goes on doing his sit-ups and push-ups, getting ready. And if Canadian chess experts don't expect him to make it, that's alright too because Suttles, with his un-

Walter Dobrich is the editor of Chess Canada.

conventional play, has always confounded the experts.

In 1967, when Suttles was the right to represent Canada in an international chess tournament in Tucson, there was some hand-wringing in the Canadian chess establishment. "Someone had to represent Canada," said one official, "but Suttles will soon learn that he can't get away with his word games on the international level." Suttles played and won the title of International Master, a designation shared by fewer than 300 players in the world.

"He might as well guard," said one grand master, after the tournament. "Now that we know what to expect, we'll demolish his system."

Suttles took his strange brand of chess into the international circuit with indifferent success for five years. His style seemed too combinatoric to allow him to win consistently. He would launch a sudden pawn storm, leaving his king badly exposed to counterattack. Often he would even use his king as an attacker. Then in 1972 his overboard game started paying off and he began to win consistently. In a field of chess giants in San Antonio, Texas, Suttles demonstrated he was the equal of the world's best. Out of 15 games, 10 against grand masters, five against masters, Suttles scored five victories and eight draws while suffering only one loss. His performance was enough to earn him a grand master's title and it was officially conferred on him by the World Chess Federation last year.

The grand master title is conferred for life and the only place to go from chess is the world championship itself. Only one other Canadian, Abe Yonofsky of Winnipeg, has previously been awarded the title.

For now Suttles is content to aim for a spot among the eight finalists in the 1976 challenger series where the winner would go on to challenge the world champion. Suttles was not involved in the current elevation series because he did not play in the 1972 Canadian Championship and thus qualify for the national tournament. The present series began in the Soviet Union, Spain, Puerto Rico and the United States. Eight leading grand masters, including Spassky, will be paired in two to decide which of them will proceed to the semifinals. The next series will challenge Fischer for the world title.

Until recently, Suttles learned in mathematics at the University of British Columbia but now he supports himself and his Vancouver-born wife, Deborah, through his chess earnings and by specializing on the Vancouver



For Deacon Suttles, winning's just off Stock Exchange. Last summer, he won the Le Prince International in Montreal, the Canadian Open in Ottawa and tied for first place in the U.S. Open in Chicago.

Despite his successes in North America, it is in eastern Europe that he is best known. The chess public there watch his games as if each will reveal some new secret, unknown in the 1,500-year history of the game. Suttles isn't sure whether chess helps him in the stock market but he does admit to a regular profit on limited working capital. His earnings from chess in July and August were a modest \$4,000 but he expects to earn more in the future. As a grand master, he is entitled to handsome appearance fees — from \$300 to \$1,000 a tournament — just for agreeing to play. And the world championship, if he were to once more confound the experts and win it, would make him a instant millionaire.

PARADE

It may be that we live in an era of specialization, but there are still jobs around for people of many talents. Or at least there was in Amherst, Nova Scotia, where this advertisement appeared in the *Amherst Daily News*.

...desires to look after four children, was preschool age. The is, Must be able to operate chain saw and splitting bar. A good working knowledge of jet planes is most. Paid-a-day-over system. Must have chauffeur's license. Salary to be negotiated.

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A quarterback fake

I read your article *Fanning Fanny* by Jack Bittan (October) with great interest. The report, along with the cover picture showing Jones, Boley and Thompson, convinced for a healthy backfield fake. It was a deceptive move that left the reader with the impression that these gentlemen are "our top quarterbacks." I hope the personal responses for this fable have been placed on winners.

Any potential player of fantasy and role that does not star Saskatchewan's Alce Lascaux should be penalized for illegal motion. Lascaux has proven his greatness (check the record book) and I'm sure the gentleman featured on your cover and in the article had better to play in the same league with him.

Now if you could convince your reader that the CFL stands west of Winnipeg then I'm sure Macdon's would have a winning team. Right now you are second down with long yardage to go.

DEL J. GUNNING, EDMONTON, ALTA.

The brogue in us all

Scotland's flag, *Canada's* Jean by Hugh MacLennan (October) should be required reading for every Canadian, with special emphasis given to George Ball's comments.

B. M. KOCH-SCHULTZ,
PETERSBURG, MAN.

I congratulate Hugh MacLennan on a fascinating article which covered the Canadian identity to the Scottish dieters. It was one of these rare illuminations that pose new questions and suggest new explanations. It was instructive rather than scholarly, poetic rather than scientific. And I think

that he was right in his general conclusions — even if wrong on the explanation of the cause.

When we heard people say that "Canada is the Scotland of North America" were they in fact thinking only of Canada's geographical position, with the United States as *Canada's* England? Were they not also thinking of the enormous Scottish influence in Canada? The history of Canada is full of Scottish names; there were Scotsmen on both sides during the Plains of Abraham. The fact that the British troops were largely Scottish Highlanders, who spoke Gaelic and some French but little English, is one of the reasons why Quebec is still French-speaking. It is also the main reason why Quebec folk music and story is more Scottish than French. The barriers of language and religion have concealed the fact that Quebec and Scotland, Quebec and Quebec and the rest of Canada, have more in common than they realize.

The main point on which I want to take issue is his conclusion that Scotland "failed because the great discovery of a single constructive idea that might have made her national revival of value to the rest of mankind." And then after he mentions David Hume, Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Walter Scott and the rest. One might almost say that the opposite is true. In Scotland, we have been short of many things, but ideas have never been one of them.

The Scottish capacity to produce, and to struggle to maintain, ideas has not disappeared. Who laid the foundations of modernism if it was not Adam Smith, or of sociology if not Adam Ferguson? In chemistry, geology, medicine and engineering, Scottish ideas have been fundamental. Who invented television, radar and penicillin? And don't forget that Glasgow Bill was Scottish before he was

Canadian. In the current debate over North Sea oil, I suspect that Scotland may be taking the lead in the idea that economic expansion is not after all the greatest blessing good.

PATRICK PANTIER, MONTREAL

Hugh MacLennan replies: When I wrote that Scotland "failed to discover a single constructive idea which would have made her national survival of value to mankind," what I meant was a single constructive political idea," to which I might have added "a workable political technique." Doubtless, too, I had in mind the Highlands south than the Lowlands, and the Highland men were far more numerous in Canada, at least until recently, than were the Lowlanders.

Reading the play

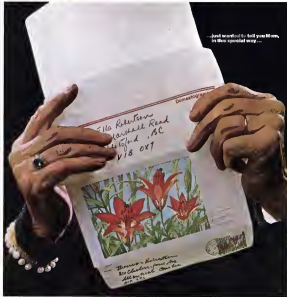


There's no explaining coincidence. At the time the November issue of *Maclean's* was on the press, Doc Harty of Rogers was covering a local high school football game and mentioned the real-life version of one of our November cartoons.

Cheering depression

Berry Broadbent's excellent *The spirit of the Thruway* (November) opened floodgates. One of us has stood out — "People found strengths they did not know they had."

A couple of years before the war my mother faced herself with five sick kids on her hands. Two with scarlet fever, three with bronchitis & the eldest, had the fever. One morn-



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We didn't set out to be a mirror of city strain. It was something that happened to us along the way. There we were, just yesterday a normal, polite crowd for the first time taking the occasional trip into town to buy tobacco and watch a football, and suddenly we are jammed into cities riding the subway to work, spending our leisure time — sometimes we seldom look on the farm — at movies and art galleries, or shops as at home in our apartment-cubicles, watching the boob-tube. The spread at which the transient town place was breaking — while Europe spent centuries spreading towns out of villages and cities out of towns, Canada leapt from hinterland to metropolis. London was a going concern in 61 A.D., Vancouver was a first 100 years ago. In 1871, 81.7% of all Canadians lived in rural areas. In 1981, the figure was 33% and today some out of every 50 Canadians are urbanites. But there was nothing orderly about the movement of the land: we did not migrate to orderly towns which grew by degrees into cities. This might have given Canada an urban population clustered in, say, 100 cities ranging in size from 100,000 to one million people, instead, we headed straight for a score of urban centres. In 1871, one Canadian in every 30 lived in either Toronto or Montreal; today, just out of every 10 of us are Torontonians or Montrealiens.

Three cities and a handful of others dominate Canada; they are its labor pool, its population centre, its economic hub, its cultural magnet. But they are not (and it is a crucial point to remember in its political context) these city states in turn dominate the provinces of which they form the heart. Vancouver holds nearly half the people of British Columbia and Winnipeg holds more than half those of Manitoba; nearly three out of every five Albertans live in either Calgary or Edmonton and one out of every four Nova Scotians lives in Halifax. Moreover, the trend is accelerating; by the end of this decade 81% of all Canadians will live in urban areas, a shift of 44 million people from farms and smaller centres and 70% of the newcomers will go into Canada's 19 metropolitan regions (i.e., Calgary, Edmonton, Halifax, Mississauga, Kitchener, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec City, Regina, St. John's, Saint John, Stouffville, Sudbury, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Windsor and Winnipeg).

Why? In a nation raving with nostalgia, where images of the good old days pervade and where every weekend we pour out of the cities to sample the simpler life in cottages and farms or towns, why are we busy constructing ever-larger cities, with ever more crowded conditions and ever more complex problems? The measured reason, undoubtedly is economic, but it is

WHY CITIES DON'T WORK

City Hall is where the action is. The trouble is the power and the money are somewhere else.

BY WALTER STEWART



not by any means the only reason.

Cities provide jobs and because they provide jobs they provide labor power. No sensible manufacturer will set up a factory in the wilderness because there is no one there to work, better to build in a city where there is a labor force, water power, tax concessions, transportation and a market. So the factory goes to the city, workers follow, and the circle expands.

But economics is only part of the answer; there are also powerful social and cultural forces at work. Cities are where the action is: the best schools, libraries, stores, libraries, restaurants, concert halls and art galleries. Cities are new places, new faces, foreign tongues, a chance to mix and mingle for fun, a glimpse of the world. For most — though by no means all — of us the excitement that the city exerts in crowding and pollution, in traffic jams and shopping hassles are more than offset by the opportunities the metropolis provides, not only to make money but to make friends, not only to find a job but to find excitement. There may be a darling little cottage available only 60 miles from downtown Vancouver but if there's nothing to do there, no place for the kids to go, all the free trees and other scenic wonders are only a bad way of doing the average Canadian to live there. With dumb persistence or empty logic he will opt for the city where all else fails, whether it really seems to get, and often more, progress.

So the cities continue to grow, unaware despite the danger that they will grow too fast and too large, continue despite the clear example of Amsterdam (as well as many to name the names of Los Angeles and Chicago, Detroit and New York) is to outgrow the experience against urban sprawl with its vicious paying poverty, pollution, crime and alienation. These examples have not been lost on us, we have moved to meet the threat. They represent we have moved toward a new urban population.

The new urban population has begun to grapple with one phenomenon — the preservation of neighborhoods: it has scarcely touched the more pervasive question — if we build development, where will we house our people? The pages 20 to 23, I have examined the workings of urban population in four cities across Canada, at four stages of its growth. The examples show a progression to more and more responsive and responsible development, but they also show that the transcendent hypothesis of urban Canada are not nearly adequate yet to meet the challenge of life in the city state.

Like the earlier rural population of the 1920s and the third new population is agriculture, the metropolis and agriculture. Like the

Continued on page 61



FOUR DISTRICTS FIGHT BACK

Front-Porch Power vs. the Bulldozer



VANCOUVER CALGARY

In Vancouver, urban participation in Calgary, an involved architect, an estate one step further to the point where planned mayor and an active citizenry the neighborhood play a part — though intended to save a vital neighborhood with a positive part — in planning-driven development.

Police Creek Development in-downtown business and residential core. Police Creek is an inlet off Englishman just east of downtown Calgary. Bay smack in the centre of Vancouver, 1966, Jack Long, an architect and on the north side are CP Rail tracks and a station who had recently moved into a station, now largely unused. The 1700s area are now a vibrant urban planning area and is under development as a Mount Royal College and these by middle-income class of apartment/condo for a class project. For four parks and commercial ventures by the banks, students swarmed over the CP rail area, university. Marshborough, adding quarters and market. On the south side are several areas. In January, 1991, Planning boards of land belonging to the city. The 300 blocks in its findings before Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. 80 members of the Inglewood Commission and the province's new strategy Association.

mainly for industry. What happens is. The report showed what a lot of time the 300 acres including Police Creek will not know that the area had a long and often downtown Vancouver for development history. (Fort Calgary was to come. If it is all devoted to parking/condo history and still contained a vibrant suggestion, a huge area of the cable population and a substantial stock are will be taken off the housing market, good housing. But one report also has, if it is turned like the Marshborough, what few of the local know, push into a luxury development, highest their neighborhood had been written living will receive a boost, and size off by city planners in despair and will a handful of developers, if it comes to be covered up by freeways and cities moderately dense, multiple uses, even to industry area of mixed-income housing, the city? The newly elected mayor, Rod Sykes, housing stock will be increased and then in the address that night. The long-ranged character of downtown Vancouver, impressive Sykes had been elected mayor, maximum.

Alderman Walter Hardwick, a U.S. a lot in the Inglewood residents know verse of British Columbia geography could mean on him. Not only who helped found TEAM — The Elbow would be strip the freeways and restore a sort Action Movement — which strip school threatened with closing. The reform council to victory in 1972, however world matters. (continued on page 47)





TORONTO MONTREAL

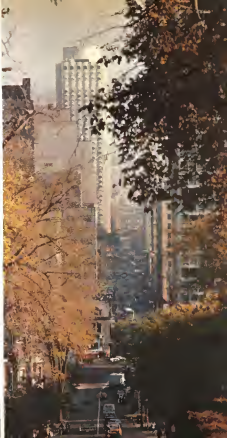
In 1970, the election of a mayor, Montreal, old philosopher and an activist and the intervention of a red regime person, and the attempt to mayor brought a partial victory to oak destruction of a key downtown beleaguered neighborhood. The area is called:

the George, just west of City Hall, is The area involved is the site of City Hall, but not the area, abandoned towards a 1950s office floor plan. Cheong shifting westward from the development in the heart of the city. It, another of old Champlain West 1.1 embrace a 300-room hotel, shops, dance hall and Portuguese office space and middle-to-upper-middle-class are old but true. However, urban housing, none of which is in short its prime location, the George is unlikely to Montreal, on the site of one of a strike by developers who hope to get a few more of low-income housing left by replacing the low-cost, single-family the city dwellings with town houses and high-rise buildings.

In 1970, Windless Holdings Ltd., 25-acre tract of land within a which had acquired most of the Montreal's share of McGill University just between McGill and St. Patrick's street, low Miami Royal. In 1967, with most coming south from Dundas almost 1.1 in front of the development. Queen, turned out the redevelopment company, Concordia, Future Ltd., not knocked down 20 houses, and then went by the mistake, so it asked the city to the city to ask for a favor. Windless declare the site an urban renewal wanted to meet higher income on gone, and expropriate. The city declined, so it asked the city to not make Montreal was already short of low-cost recently adopted Official Plan and to a point, just the same, no houses were low-income density on so after declared in the way of the developers who quit the process of Alderman Yarrowood with the land assembly. Hope, the bylaw amending the Official Plan, the number of 1970, 255 houses Plan was passed.

That happened under the old 1972 residents were displaced in Phase Council, a body singularly dead to the idea of the people began Concordia's coming across to the neighborhood's awareness of its future was exemplary. That union came to a head in the 1970s who wanted to stay were found as elections and brought a council with consultation on the site is rooms or staying elsewhere of reformers head-patrons stood for later demolition, by Mayor David Cosentino, a thoughtful one who didn't were helped to reformly progressive, shared politicians like Montrealers, their homes were.

A motion came to the new council site and zoning, not even the pre-proposed the bylaw by which the proposed development, has been erected in would be able to proceed on page 67. That is because the company ran into problems. (continued on page 67)



Some huge hazards and greater joys of learning to ski at 45

BY MARTIN MYERS

The trials of a middle-aged skier

At 45, I am turning not only 40 but also 50. I am your typical bourgeois middle class suburban ordinary lump in a suburb where the chief form of exercise is walking to and from driveway things like me not bound to a lawn.

Let's my neighbor take advantage let me say that my present state of gracelessness, unlike there is not the result of a disease from an active athletic youth. My neighbor may all have been the ex-athletes (they claim to be) who played on the athletic team at school, only to have slipped from their respective peaks of physical perfection due to "responsibilities" (their looks at continuing and over-drinking). They can all remember about things athletic. I cannot join them. I never did say.

So limited were my physical resources when I was a child that even the mere observing of exercise overtook them. Later, though, I had both kinds and the theory that I was an all-around deep thinker led me to exclude all things athletic. Since only athletic's foot, which disappeared on the day that I decided to learn to ski.

Whatever prevented me the definitive door of nothing physical, I learnt to do so in age when friends, relatives and other distant were beginning to stop doing things physical? It must have been prophecy, when on my first fifth birthday I announced self-pityingly "Well, it's all downhill from here." Why did I say "downhill"? I could have said "most country," which is safer for "a person poor job" and a dented right cheaper. Could it be that personally I wanted it to be risky and expensive? Perhaps I envied my two teen-agers

their coolly squeaky and downhill thrills and wanted to go fishing down the slopes, too, helping on days to look more serene and less preoccupied.

Or was I jealous of my wife's sleep progress? A former semipro basketball player, championship swimmer and ballet dancer she is miraculously coordinated, graceful, and athletic.

The ski madness must have started when I accompanied my family on an afternoon of skiing. While they had a good time on the slopes, I hung about talking to people with knobs in coats, studying broken skis or reading old ski magazines and wishing I had stayed home. But then, it wouldn't have been a family outing, would it? In the environment something had to happen.

One Sunday morning over breakfast I did I came unbidden and announced to my married family that I was going to learn to ski. There was an uncomfortable silence. Then from behind her peeked and with a certain lack of conviction, my wife said "That's nice dear." My son grinned but not said:

girls at his sister, who seemed something as when I would call down (for which she wants on calling her sister problem). I could make out only one word — "Ripped." Suddenly, I knew how Julian Carter felt at the moment of his famous Roscoe multiple acquisition.

Amplify responding to the heretical I delivered their instantaneous statement of consent — "I am going to learn to ski. Even if it kills me."

I shouldn't have said that. As luck would have it, I had decided to learn to ski during the warmest winter in 20 years. Everywhere, what kids were there was experienced. I would simply have to wait for snow. I waited, growing sly and paranoid, fighting off the notion of six accident stories in which if one can believe them, there is no bone in the human body that cannot be bent, folded, speeded or crushed.

All the while, the sun shone the snow ran, and the skiing conditions deteriorated. Vermont was a without, Switzerland a shambles, Colorado a catastrophe. Could Canada survive the onslaught of accidental snow? And did I really want it? I had of snow would get me off the skiing hook on which I had hung myself. And yet, somehow, I was caught up in the implications of the intense adventure and found myself choosing sports making

phone calls, hoping and gazing for good skiing conditions.

My wait ended a few days later when my friend Peter called. He was also a non-dancer in a skiing family. My decision to learn to ski had struck him in the spot of his household, he told me. And as a result of their mourning, he had decided that he, too, would learn to ski. He had owned a ski jacket for several years, and he had just paid out and purchased a dandy pair of old skis, bought at a greatly reduced price, and why didn't our families go skiing tomorrow and he and I could take a lesson together?

What about the snow? Not to worry. He had found a place, Peter assured me with good skiing conditions. Everywhere the hills were remaining in wait, but in the snowy Shogun-like my friend had discovered that conditions prevailed and there was snow, and we could — gulp — learn to ski on the morrow.

The next morning we were

there good and early. Wrens and children disappeared up towering hills, while Peter and I gazed a young contractor to give us precise instructions, so he'd be a clumsy middle-aged. What we needed, he told us, was something called GLM. GLM, we quickly discovered, was not a Dutch airline but the Glaciated Length Method of ski instruction, wherein the skier — or better, as I prefer to think of him — starts learning on small skis and progresses daily to longer ones, until, at the end of a week, if he is not in the hospital, he is on full-length skis, skiing (obviously, I am sure) down from any possible height along with the best of them. The Glaciated Length Method makes it possible to develop skills in a week that take several seasons on long skis. I later discovered that GLM is a series of great insights to skiers who have had to learn the long, hard way.

The graduated length skis are rented as part of the learning package. And a good thing, too. Who after all, is going to buy five pairs of skis in increasing length to see if he will ever use again after his first?

On our GLM mini-ski, we were led out to the beginner's hill which could not have been more than 100 feet away over almost perfectly level ground. Just outside the door of the chalet, I had my first GLM lesson and instantly learned how to sit. The contractor and Peter waited while I endeavored in vain to arise. Despite their instructions and abundant encouragement, I lay there a ludicrous sight, a full-grown man straining about feebly with my little skis on my feet, while more proficient skiers glided smoothly on their long ones. I felt even more foolish when both the contractor and Peter had to make several attempts to lend me to my feet.

We then proceeded to the beginner's hill. En route, I felt and had to be helped up a total of 11 times. My actual count. Each time I fell I landed on the same part of my anatomy. It soon became tender and water damaged. Not once during this trying period did Peter fall, and he helped me not at all with constant reassurances that on longer skis it would have been even more difficult.

Ultimately, not in fact not wet in fact, I learned the bottom of the beginner's hill (I had never assumed in me before that one could get a sense of achievement by running the bottom of a hill rather than the top. However, my circumstances were special, I kept telling myself).

In GLM, beginner skis were poles and are first taught how to walk up the hill herringbone style. This is so-called plied by Chapinesque misadventures of the fast. For some reason, I was able to manage it with reasonable facility though with much / comments/page88



DIEF RETURNS TO MIND THE STORM DELIGHTS ON EASTERN SHORE

Had to be Chief

Kerby Dwyer, Liberal Campaign chairman "Bob Stanfield after losing in his 1966 re-election campaign will resign out of that fatigue. John Diefenbaker will defeat Peter Kelly to win the Conservative leadership convention. The New Brunswick Liberal Association will unanimously elect Dalton Camp's triumph claim for membership." **Dalton Camp**, former P.C. Party president "We will be more preoccupied with confrontation with the U.S. in 1974 something we have never been good at. If present trends continue we can expect a Stanfield government in 1974. Given some new men and new initiatives, we can hope for happier trends by 1975."



Picking from left field



Neil Walker, radical economist "The Wolfe will intensify out to a formal policy of party and it will be ready to field candidates in the next provincial elections in both Ontario and Saskatchewan."

Private gripe: Play it again, Sam



Dan Burns, Country Guide Writings "The gas rates will be the forced crown of the private livestock industry through the new federal feed grain policy, the fight for control of Alberta's energy which looks like an eastern grab for private resources. Saskatchewan's shrinking population, and so ideological battle between the western NDP governments and Ottawa, culminating in an all-out attack on Oke Lake." **Reay Macdonald**, The Western Producer Saskatchewan "The main gripe will be federal proposals for open market pricing of feed grain which farmers fear will run the Wheat Board. Expect to hear loud cries for higher penalties for cattle rustlers, demands for change in livestock grain policies, strong voices calling for more Western input in cabinet and TV and of course changes in freight rates."

Foreign policy won't be search of the states quo



"October, June 22, 1974 (C.P.) — Prime Minister Robert Stanfield today named two long-time Alberta expatriates to key posts in his administration. **Elaine Wooliams** was made Secretary of State for External Affairs and **Jack Horner** was given the Department of Natural Resources. Mr. Wooliams pledged that he would continue his predecessor's policy of expanding relations with 'near world friends, China, Israel and South Africa.' In a rare gesture of hyperbole, Mitchell Sharp intimated the press gathering and playboy is his support. 'As the new ambassador-in-large for Burnside, Mr. Sharp said, 'I look forward to working with that government.' Mr. Horner, not to be outdone, promised that the states quo would be maintained 'as quickly as possible.' The minister promised to continue arms exports and agreed to investigate the possibility of forming the forces with the Leo-Enfield rifle. If we can do it, the efficient Horner added, 'we will have the boys back in Alaska by Christmas.' **Professor Jack Granstein** books editor of Canadian Forum



Canadian Nationalism: this country is mourning



Mid Hurst, Committee for an Independent Canada "In 1974 foreign investment in Canada will endow by another three billion dollars while profits service charges and interest continue to hemorrhage out one country at the rate of \$200,000 per hour. We will again suffer high unemployment and high inflation — the natural offspring of our neo-neoliberalism. The Mackenzie gas pipeline application will push neo-neoliberalism against neo-neoliberalism and conservatism in a political struggle Canada must not lose. The new nationalists' will continue to be a few token skirmishes in a land hell here, a doctor's bill there while losing the war. But soon we will be a nation in name only."

Wet dreams



Barry Buchanan, author *La Bar James* "Despite political La Bar James projects will go ahead commencing the largest hydroelectric project ever dreamed up by a single politician — **Rube Ross**. And the entire act will continue to be closed off to independent parliament."



David Barrett, premier *British Columbia* "The new year is being a tempering to the violent and aggressive frustration that will exist in BC. With the economy expanding the province will continue to be an exciting place to live. It is a great province, but not a well planned resource house."



The Rockies side of life

Not so mysterious East



George Adamson, *Acadia* "The 'Donald Regan's' Erbs will hold onto power in his fifth election in Nova Scotia. The Conservatives are keeping an eye on the NDP but are gaining strength now. Fuddy power, offshore oil, and electoral reform."



Joe Holmes, *Halifax* "College President Alan Campbell will call an election in June in BC and will win. He should apologise on this year's high rise prices, gas hikes for civil servants, and the general drizzle of the Tory apparatus he will try to hammer away 'school states'."



University Publications, *University of New Brunswick* "President Hatfield of New Brunswick will bring down a good budget, but the spring is in the stage for his successful campaign in the fall. The light will be low-key, since the province state has passed. The clerical will challenge on the government's contractual reform of college services."

Vrecoosom!



Rock Well, editor *Press/Over* "The big air and air saving gas costs will ring on a swing to small, economical, heavy sticks close with lefty price tags at \$400 to \$500."

Not gathering



Russel Engel, *Financial Post* "If I had a little liquidity sloping about in 1974 I'd have gold at between \$85 and \$100 a gram, for a run up to a potential \$220 within the next two or three years. Even better, put away some old gold coins like the \$25 American Eagle Stock up on an, perhaps and perhaps some silver. Though and is not strictly speaking a commodity, it will continue to be worthwhile to hoard. And don't forget art — particularly by a dead arm of the rank of Picasso or Matisse. For it and profit are howling is likely to be a contrast of low bids any day of the week."



Maxwell's Silver Hammer



Maxwell Henderson, former *Author General* "In 1974 the Public Accounts Committee of Parliament will do nothing about the 185 items of government waste, totaling \$12,307,000, disclosed in my last three reports. And nothing will be done until the public demands action."

What comes down must go up

Danuk Diney, governor, *Montreal Stock Exchange* "Lower interest rates will be available in 1974, making a just about the best year for investment opportunities since, say, 1940. The rate of inflation will decline and the inflation psychology will evaporate. That, coupled with a strong U.S. dollar, will draw foreign investors into the North American market. International investors will at as huge cash reserves and retail investors will be back in large numbers in '74. A good investment year also means the garbage stocks will return, and issue a paper grade named before the bubble bursts pay losses. Back to quality and fundamentals. U.S. and Canadian equities are extremely cheap, comparing favourably with stock markets anywhere else in the world."

Don't wait for spring, buy it now

Reiss Wague, *A.C. LePage Limited* "Shortage of serviced land, labor and materials will make housing costs soar this year. The average house in Canada will rise 8% in cost to \$32,300. Interest rates will drop to 9½%, but the savings on interest will be eaten up by rising costs. In Vancouver the average house will cost \$42,000 up 13%. Toronto average costs will grow by 16% to \$45,000. In Montreal prices will climb from 15% to 20% and the average house will sell for about \$52,000. And no end in sight, so don't wait for the price to drop."



Labour pains and a birth to come

Ed Flax, *Railway Workers* "The nationalist struggle in the unions will intensify in 1974. It is possible that national unions will secede from the CLC to form their own labor unions before year's end."



Trying to live high off the hog

Stuart Thomson, *National Farmers' Union* "Look for record payments to farmers for No. 1 Western wheat and No. 1 barley. Soybeans will go from their present level but won't reach the highs recorded in 1973. The large demand for protein supplements to feed livestock will determine the price. Domestically, as feed grains go up, cattle prices will rise also. Helped along by the new tariffs on exports. The demand for cattle and hogs from Japan and West Germany will help to keep those prices up. On the short run things look good. The 1974 levels of farm cash income will be fairly high."



THE DAY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES STRUCK FEAR AND TREMBLING INTO THE HEART OF OUR PM

BY CHARLES RITCHIE

The little guy was Mike Pearson, the big guy was Lyndon Johnson and the author was there

In April 1965, the late Prime Minister Lester Pearson went to Temple University in Philadelphia to receive the World Peace Award. Canadian-American relations were in a state of flux, chiefly because of the war in Vietnam. On the one hand, Pearson's Liberal government was coming under increasing fire for supporting the U.S. stand in southeast Asia. Colin Cooney of the NDP accused the cabinet of adopting a "pro-spect" attitude, and Dave McLellan of Canadian Press wrote that "not since the Berlin Crisis of 1961 has a Canadian government backed up the U.S. to such an extent." There was evidence to support McLellan's claim. Early in February the Americans had begun systematic bombing of selected targets in North Vietnam (and then, there had been only relatively cross-border raids) and Canada appeared to accept the need for these strikes. When the International Control Commission, of which Canada was a member, issued a majority report critical of the bombing, Canada refused a minority report which seemed to adopt the American theory on the causes of the war in the area. It ended in part that "The so-called South Vietnam liberation front, of which the Viet Cong are in effect the armed forces, is a creature of the ruling party in North Vietnam," and laid most of the blame for the continuing conflict on Communist shoulders.

But behind the apparent acceptance of the philosophy of the American cause there was a developing antagonism not only in the mind of the Canadian public but made the Liberal party and the Pearson cabinet. Both Pearson and his External Affairs Minister, Paul Martin, issued in speeches early in 1965 that the U.S. position on Vietnam — which was to refuse negotiations except on pre-agreed terms — might probably be modified, and nevertheless, had agreed to accept statements from the United Nations Secretary General, U Thant, that unconditional talks could be tried.

That was the situation when Pearson rose at Temple University to speak about peace and Vietnam. After a polite bow in the direction of U.S. goodwill — he described the American's motives to "benevolent, neither more nor imperialistic" — the Canadian Prime Minister signified that, just as in the bombing raids might only serve to burden the resolution of the North Vietnamese to continue the war. "At the right time," he said, the U.S. might support the rebels unilaterally, that in that might bring the Communists closer to the bargaining table or, if it did not, it would show the world that the Americans were sincere in their quest for peace, while their opponents seemingly were not.

It was a mild speech, buttressed with a declaration of Canada's appreciation of the U.S. position — "The government and great majority of the people of my country have supported wholeheartedly U.S. peace-making and peace-making policies in Vietnam. We wish to be able to continue that support." But it was not the kind of speech the Americans wanted to hear, not from an ally (although in the minds of many of the Johnson administration staff we were only a disadvantaged ally), not at a time when the U.S. government was coming under ever more massive criticism for its conduct of the war, and not in its own backyard (The White House had been sent a copy of the speech, but too late for there to be any protest against its delivery).

The next day April 3, 1965, Pearson had been invited to lunch with President Lyndon Johnson at the President's Camp David retreat. Accompanying him was Charles Rusk, then Canadian ambassador in Washington, and a longtime friend of Pearson's. Rusk was one of Canada's most experienced diplomats, he had held his 31 year experience and a string of important postings, including those of ambassador to West Germany and ambassador to the UN. At this luncheon meeting, Johnson gave Pearson a better dressing down. Rusk, who was later to become High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, and it now seemed, was the only Canadian witness. In his account, he presents a fascinating insight into a confrontation that revealed

(continued on page 40)

Computers are lousy lovers

How I joined the CompuDate Scientific Rendez-Vous service and found it not love — Amy, Angie and Maggie

BY ADRIAN WALLER

Amy's the only woman I know who's been 29 for the past eight years. But there are doubtless many more. We was last fall after joining a Montreal computer dating club and completing a Scientifically Designed Personality Evaluation Test. The test was done for us. Amy's absolute failure taught me my psychological failures, my psychological weakness, my psychological weakness in turn mixed with Amy's such interests — mine and the occult.

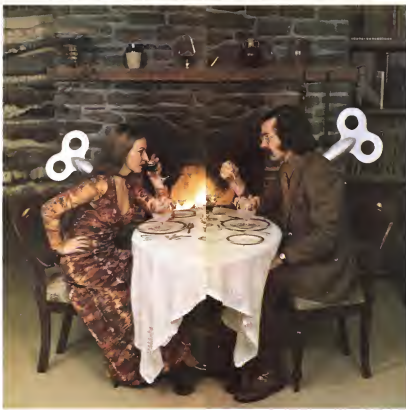
Click Click Click

Deep in the heart of a computer, something happened. Two days later, Amy moved in the mind a list of men with whom the computer thought she'd be compatible. I received a list of women.

We were on each other's list.

The club we joined was CompuDate Scientific Rendez-Vous which (though based in Montreal) claims to service all of Canada. Any enrolled for six months. I enrolled for three which on three separate lists ended are a total of 15 randomly appointed women from a typist with modems, down there and a permanent cold at one end to the most voluptuous delectable I'd ever seen at the other.

Amy was somewhere in the middle. Having sat through more possibly respectable candid interviews than she later to determine the same to the computer as a field re-



sent — for a second husband. The second she got to it was a Southern Area Chess Champion. She shy to talk. It made things difficult. Amy's not talking much herself these days. She's tired, bored and, there it is, emotionally lonely.

"I wanna love!" she says. We're sitting in Papa Don's in downtown Montreal. Amy's ordered the last beer. "I wanna date lover. And there's no point counting on you. You only joined computer dating so you could waste a book. What's it coming out? You'd better see that. I got an unphotographed copy of I'll phone your mother at Clark Brown and tell her you've been seen parading in Plaza Ville. Make us drag! That'll shake 'em up."

Amy's right. I joined CompuDate Scientific Rendez-Vous to write a book — *Don't Be a Casualty Donor*. She doesn't know it, but the title's here. All she talks about is data that's fed into the computer, scientific data — and her future. "I wanna guy like my husband was," she says. "He was a husband, I know. And he'll tell me with two kids. But I loved him."

She doesn't have everything I taught in a woman when I completed the evaluation for the test, but she has a sense of humor which is more than you can say for half the other. "Anyway," I tell her, "what do you keep on talking about a lover for? If CompuDate finds you a friend it's just something, that's all."

"I'm used to being someone's friend," Amy says with grey-red eyes. She's smiling, but there's a cold like machine trying to see how far it can run up the inside of the glass without spilling over. "All men keep telling me it's that I'm a goddess, pink spot."

"That's about the size of it, Amy. You're a damn good spot. CompuDate's got. Your baby-sitter wants to go to bed."

"I wanna husband and a lover."

CompuDate Scientific Rendez-Vous' lone proprietor is George Mason who has an office both in his apartment in Notre Dame de Grèce and downtown, where he runs a computer life says Amy's asking for too much too soon. "The first thing I tell people," he says, "is to be realistic. You can't join CompuDate and expect to see Prince Charming coming up the driveway after two weeks or even six months come to that. You have to give it time. You have to see as many people as you possibly can and sort the wheat from the chaff."

A scared, happy-go-lucky individual of 35, George is the last man you'd expect to/continued on page 44

ER
ZZI
LES VOULOIS
LES AUROIS

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair, smiling and holding a large white sign. The sign has the words 'FROG' and 'POWER' written in large, hand-drawn capital letters. Between the two words is a small, square illustration of a frog. The woman is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt.

I remember not vividly, piecing together those words while the CNN's milk run rambled and yadda yadda over the 280 miles outward from Toronto to Cornwall, my first two hours from university, returning to the scene of a tragedy, half official business with SLEBS for John Galt, half school suspension, copping brilliant marks in school on consent, personal, year book editor (what commander and all the rest of that musical comedy fantasy that died with the Fifth I believed those words So did mean everybody else in Cornwall! It was a matter of pride that Cornwall was showing the corner a thing or two about athletes.

We also thought of ourselves as a Canada in miniature, as indeed we were, an ordered, self-sufficiently perhaps. Cornwall itself is Political analysts have long described the federal ruling of St. John's, where Cornwall dominates, as a bellwether. It has for at least 30 years closed the door to the federal government, and the vote in St. John's has usually reflected the popular vote across Canada. The mood of the country, it can be safely said, can just about be determined by examining the mood of Cornwall's 41,000 people. The current pride of the Fifteen has convinced I suppose you'd call it arrogant but it isn't, not then and the desire for more money, more power, more status, more commensurables have been washed away. <http://www.cornwall.ca/cornwall/cornwall.htm>

much, not only about the two protagonists but about an episode in the relationship between two countries.

This account is Charles Ruckie's personal view and not in any way official. It is how Ambassador Ruckie saw and recorded the personalities and events. "The difference between the Canadian and United States governments over the bombing of New York was not a serious one," he recalls. "But it should be viewed in the context of wider United States-Canada relations. There was much cooperation between Canada and the United States in many aspects during these years. There were ups and downs in the relationship, but the friendship was always dominant."

Lytton Baines Johnson is far more than a name to the podium to face his fellow Americans. The portentous utterances are lowered slowly into the waiting world. An impressively firm yet benevolent statesman articulates the purposes and aspirations of the nation. The underliner's solidifying message is building powerful bonds, strengthening ties, made by action but dressed up in sleeked words. The President is not to be matched. His displacement — as they say of Pader — is very great. He is a man of faith, a man of ideals and of dignity and there is a man of power. His greatest power has been in history, thus in this description. He is a civil, clear-headed leader of the West, a planner of aid, a reader of statistics, a spender of billions against the differences, a leader of the world. For 29 years the Americans have benefited, aided, organized and learned half the world. The President of the United States of America. Foreign matters and potentialities gather at his gates. "How did you get on with the President?" That is the question and now beside the one who talks to pass the test. If the Roman circumstance fell into rules, fables, then no more lies — no more errors. The call spreads rapidly through the families, confidants, the administration, lights together all down the line to the highest desk office in the State Department. What is to be in the President's

Daybook? I have been there once or twice — or my country has. They are not civil in the government offices — not too easily — but they are a line or two after dinner and it all comes out with rough frankness. Your government has tried and strayed from the way and the ship stops at its port berth, but you keep your line. Disagreeable it is at times — even offensive. Your great manner may be harshly corrected, but a word of criticism of the President of the United States of America and the best would fall with a weight appealing to contempt. "An insult to the President — what a spine-chilling thought!"

Even when the lines of power in showing there are outer limits for a foreigner to exchange of thought with the Washington Higher Management. For one thing the President never leaves — or at any rate never leaves his Washington life with them down drastically. The phrase "ambassadors with allies" is apt to mean in United States news briefing allies, including allies sometimes pursuing allies or something out allies as if they are allies. The idea of leaving anything from allies seems strange to official Washington thinking. The word comes from Washington and is homemade.

When LBJ first came to power — as those first months — they recalled more but well within Washington — that good friend of Canada, Secretary of the New York Times, expanded to me the pleasing notion that to the new President was unimpaired in international affairs and to Mike Pearson was unimpaired in domestic affairs. It was a fruitful and friendly working relationship between them. The President would turn to Mike for advice as a neighbor, one he could trust as a neighbor. He could trust as a neighbor. He did not work out like that — perhaps it could never have been expected to do so. When Mike Pearson came on his first official visit to Washington there was little stirring of interest in the White House — the President had much to occupy him — the visit seemed treated as of marginal importance. The Prime Minister's opening speech under the portico of the White House occurred largely in a hostile libel to J. F. Kennedy — a natural — inevitable as soon after the assassination but not particularly reassuring to the President. The President responded by a reference to one "understand border." At dinner at the Embassy the President seemed just not heard. The Canadian government's pull of an RCMP English-speaking middle brought a member that it "had no power" — one said it belonged to the White House staff. Yet the Prime Minister was not easily discouraged. He was determined to break through the ice and melt it with his charm and his

smile. He succeeded — or appeared to succeed. Before the trip to Washington was over he had had a long, private talk with the President which put the two of them on a footing of frankness — the President was grateful and generous.

Then followed an invitation to the Pearson to go to the Presidential ranch for the weekend. What effect — if any — this further intimacy had on the President is unknown. The ranch is far from a sort of boutique oasis, the boomer of boomer to all hours, the helicopter to visit neighbors, the incessant telephone, the showing off, the incoherence and incoherence of the President — all documented. Mike White documented him even more than the impossibility of having any continuous discussion with the President, any expression of political questions. The President was free with some fairly scabrous group about his fellow members. He would unexpectedly throw across to the Prime Minister a secret message or report which he was sending — thus making a demonstration of the city. Briefly what he felt about him, but there was one of that exchange of news on international or bilateral matters which had characterized the Prime Minister's meeting with Kennedy at Hyannisport in 1961.

All the time the real had been a success in political and personal terms. LBJ appeared to take to Mike and that in terms of Canada-United States relations was much gained. Every time the President saw me at an official reception he would send the warmest greetings to the Prime Minister, whom he described to me on one occasion as the head of government he "felt closest to."

Then came the thundering. The Prime Minister's speech at Temple University in Philadelphia on April 2, the scheduling is now in the bombing in Vietnam, and the President's reaction to it are part of political history and it is not a historical record. The President's reception of the speech was astonishing and the relationship between the two men was never fully recovered. No doubt LBJ believed that an attempt had been made by one he thought to be a friend "to divide United States policy to his own backyard." When the Prime Minister arrived in Philadelphia he found a telegram from the President stating him to Camp David. The telegram had been dispatched before the President had read the text of the speech. It accompanied the Prime Minister to Camp David an occasion unusually misinterpreted. President's aides Mac Bundy and Jack Valenti met at the White House — so President. They were like schoolboys meeting the victim to the headmaster's study for a sharp wiggling or possibly "his of the White House." With strange intensity the Prime

continued on page 42

IN AN AGE WHEN CLASS LINES ARE BEING ERASED, QANTAS DRAWS ONE.

FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS:

BASK FLY-DRIVE AUSTRALIA-178L

Fourteen days to discover Down Under at your own speed. You get an Air Sedan with automatic transmission and 300 top miles. Plus 14 nights accommodation at Sydney's Glenside Hotel. Plus a Royal Road Bonus Book for special discounts at stores, restaurants, sightseeing attractions. The low low price is based on two people sharing the car. Group departures Thursdays. IT3QF188R21.

HOLIDAY IN THE SUN-184S.

Sunshine-rye tour to the famed islands of Fiji and Tahiti. You'll see the unspoiled spots of paradise with time to relax on them. The remarkable price includes first class hotels like the Moon Beach, Royal Tahiti, Moa, Moa, Moa and Fiji. Transfers and local travel also included. Group departures Fridays. IT3QF1W2.

Fiji-197Z.

Seventeen-day tour takes you to Fiji Island, Kororua Beach, Suva, Nadi, Nauru Highlands. Price includes first class hotels, guides, sightseeing, transfers, local travel by motorcoach and launch. Frequent individual departures. IT3QF1U9.

BUDGET SOUTH PACIFIC-195S.

Seventeen days in New Zealand, Australia, Fiji. Includes city tours in Auckland and Sydney. You'll tour the Blue Mountains of Australia as well as Maori Island and Nauru Highlands. Fiji. First class accommodations, sightseeing, transfers. Group departures. IT3QF1A12.

To: Qantas, Havel Vancouver, 900 W. Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C. Or call toll-free from major cities: Zurich 0868, Allgate Qantas, I want to go a bargain. Send me complete information on the following tour (x).

Name _____
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QANTAS
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FOR HIGH ROLLERS:

PACIFICAN AIR-SEA-192B.

Eighteen days to discover the storied South Sea. Fly to Tahiti and Moorea. Then cruise aboard M/V West Star to Bora Bora, Rangiroa, Papeete, Apia, Vavau, Nuku'alofa, Suva. Price includes first class hotels, sightseeing, transfers, flyboxed accommodations and meals. Frequent individual departures. IT3QF187S.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, FIJI-196S.

Twenty-four day tour. Highlights include the Great Barrier Reef, Sydney, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne in Australia. Bora Bora and Glenelg Cruise in New Zealand. Coral Coast of Fiji. Sightseeing, transfers, ground arrangements, first class hotels. Individual departures. IT3QF1U13.

ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC-194A.

Twenty-three day tour with an experienced guide to the best of Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia. You'll travel with vacationing Australians and New Zealanders. Includes sightseeing, deluxe motorcoaches, first class accommodations, many meals. Frequent Friday group departures. IT3QF187D.

FARMERS AND RANCHERS TOUR-194S.

Twenty-nine day tour to the prime farms, cattle and sheep ranches in Australia and New Zealand. What's more, you'll relax in Fiji and Tahiti too. Includes first class accommodations, deluxe motorcoaches with experienced tour guides. Various group departures. IT3QF1102.

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QANTAS
The Australian Airline

*Our prices are per person from Vancouver and included services: class air transportation based on applicable Group Inclusive and/or Individual Tour Rates. All fares subject to change without notice. Hotel and ship accommodations based on sharing twin-bedded rooms. Individual accommodations available at extra cost. Check with your travel agent for full details.



Minister and I were not prepared for what was to come. We anticipated that the speech would not be popular — in effect, the Prime Minister's expressed reason for not revealing the President in advance of making it had been that LBJ might put pressure on him to cancel the reference to a point in the bombing.

Camp David could be a very unusual retreat — a large rough stone fireplace and the kind of pictures that go with it — but it was not very that day. LBJ received us with a civility that only gradually began to seem a trifle cool. I noticed with mild surprise that, contrary to his custom, he only drank one bloody Mary before lunch. I made no hold as to have two. At luncheon the general conversation was made impossible because the President talked almost continuously on the table telephone. Part of the time he was receiving reports on bombing operations in Vietnam; at other times he seemed to be talking up any telephone calls remaining at the bottom of his list — some fairly trivial ones that could have waited. Mike was left to make conversation with Lady Bird, Mac Bundy and myself. He made a joke of the day's fight over the battlefield of Gorysburg, of his long interest in the battle and in the civil war in general. Lady Bird was receptive — he made a joke and she demurely smiled. Mac and I at intervals made a remark.

Lunch was over and there had been no mention of the speech. Over coffee the Prime Minister took that leap "What," he enquired. "Do you think of my speech?" The President paused before replying. It was the pause when a chicken crows lower propounds with the coming storm. "Awful," he said and asked Mike by this time he had him onto the terrace.

What followed I remember mainly in

postscript, although from time to time the President's voice reached us in explicit admonition. He made the terrace, he opened the air with his arms, with upraised fist he drove home the verbal hammer blows. He talked and talked — phrases reached Mike and me as we stood fascinated watching from the dining room which grew into the terrace through the open French windows — expounding, splintering, reasoning, persuading. From time to time Mike attempted a sentence — only to have it swept away on the tide. Finally Mike suggested that he said I should take a walk through the wooded hills and leave our two masters together.

Our conversation was a reproduction in minor key of what we had just been witnessing. Mac, with the graciousness of a duck surgeon, went for the crucial spots. Perhaps, he suggested, he had not got his message across to me in our last conversation when he had introduced me of the understandability of public prodding of the President. (I had in fact conveyed this message to Ottawa.) Why had the Prime Minister chosen the United States as the place for such a speech? Why had there been no prior consultation with the President? Did I realize that the Prime Minister's gift for a pause in the bombing coming at that time might inhibit the very aim he had in mind? The tone was friendly but the scalpel was sharp. I countered by saying that the substance of the speech was a Canadian policy statement and in our view a weak one. The Prime Minister was speaking as a Nobel Peace laureate at an academic occasion — he must deal with issues affecting the peace of the world. The thought of transferring to United States policy was far from his mind. Finally, lunch passed with unanswerable questions about the

choice of place and occasion. I added that I could assure him that the United States would never have a better or more understanding friend than the present Prime Minister.

By this time we had wound our way back again to the house. In the dining room we found Jack Valenti. The three of us looked not again at the terrace — the two of us were well and done and the drama seemed to be approaching a climax of physical violence. Mike, only half seated, half leaning on the intense banquette, was now completely silent. The President made up to him and the two of us were left at the end — at the same time seeing his other arm to the heavens. I looked at Mac in consternation but he was smiling. "It will be all right now," he said, "since the President has got it off his chest." Shortly thereafter LBJ and the Prime Minister returned the house and we took our departure. The President this time accompanied the Prime Minister to the airport and parted with him with geniality.

That night when I got back to Washington I rang up the Prime Minister who had returned to Ottawa. I was emotional. I said to him that I had never been prouder of him than now. Indeed he was both right and courageous as what he said and the President would have done well to listen.

Some weeks later I was lunching with the indefatigable Dean Acheson (former Secretary of State) who evoked Mike and referred critically to his speech. Over again I explained the background and defended the substance. "Oh," said Dean, "you will see that beauty was come back here and do it again."

The next year when the Prime Minister received the Atlantic Pioneer Award of Federal Union Inc., at Springfield, Illinois, he made a speech dealing with issues involving the relationship between the United States and its NATO allies. The speech was thought in Washington to imply some measure of criticism of U.S. attitudes. Agnes vanbladen reached in from the White House Ambassador-in-Chief Averell Harriman was sent to Ottawa to seek clarification. At the White House, Walt Rostow, who had succeeded Bundy, spoke of the Prime Minister's "ambiguous" speech and of the President's displeasure and "Why," he asked, "did he come into the President's own backyard to make such a speech?"

I heard myself replying much as I had to Mac Bundy on the earlier occasion a year before. But I thought I might guess the answer. Perhaps the Prime Minister had another forgiven me for forgetting his encounter with the President on the terrace at Camp David. As Dean Acheson remarked, he was "a bewily man" and he had bounced right back. ■

Triple Crown. For the light drinker.



find in with a job. He has said Goethe and Heine said, for most of his life, but been studying the piano. Ten years ago he thought about a career as a computer man and one cool evening all of the Berkeley students. Since then, he's studied computer analysis at Monterey's St. George Wilkins University and studied a book he confuses was once fairly with a woman he met — through a friend.

George Martin openly admits that, in the first instance, he launched Computer Scientific Rendez-Vous as a money-spinner. In the second, he wanted to provide a service. For he is of a strange irony, the class we've been forced to live in the big city, the leader we've inevitably become. So far in his clients are considered, he says they usually feel a different kind of loneliness — an inner desolation which, as in the case of Mary, often causes them to cry themselves to sleep.

He means loneliness with a capital L which people try to be rid of by paying money.

George Martin claims his computer dating program has been developed by both himself and a team of university-trained computer analysts to "promote harmonious relationships between mature unrelated men and women." Since its inception in 1986 when it was based at Monterey-based university and college students it has processed more than 100,000 matches more recently in voting a predominance of people over 36 years of age.

These matches are called "dates," just as a passenger in a taxi cab is called a "pass" or a "fare." In the vernacular of the Computer Scientific Rendez-Vous, however, a date can mean any one

of the following or a combination thereof:

Male
Lower
Partner
Companion
Friend
Man
Woman
Guy
Child or friend
Boyfriend
Girl friend
Lady friend
Girlfriend friend

Sometimes, though, a date can mean a "husband" or a "wife." There have also been times when it's meant someone's husband or wife.

Like most other reputable dating firms, Computer works on one simple premise: that in today's busy world finding a partner for a long-term relationship is becoming increasingly complex. Recent statistics bear this out. It's no secret that North America's failure rate of our marriage is first-and-a-half time as high as in Canada) is the highest in the world. But even this does not reflect the entire picture. Couples known to society all of us will hear out an unhappy marriage to the bitter last. To them divorce is either unthinkable on moral or religious grounds — or, less often, out of the question.

If divorce could be completed on these, the failure rate of marriage as a lasting institution would be documented even more pungently. Most people marry because our society prescribes married life is the normal state. For any adult human being, but too many people marry when they shouldn't — or choose the wrong partner when they should.

Introduction services can't begin to protect clients from quick, head-on decisions. They can, however, widen social frontiers and increase their clients' chances of meeting suitable people.

"We create the relationship," is the general philosophy. "The rest is up to you."

Another theory on which they work is that most of the 40 million single men and women in North America probably devote more time, logic and time to buying a car than choosing a lifelong companion — and that the number of people we meet in our daily lives is limited to a small circle of friends and acquaintances and those we meet at work, in a club, perhaps, or at an occasional party.

Of these, though, relatively few are eligible. They're either married, engaged or involved in a steady relationship. Those who are left are either too old, too young, too fat, too thin, too tall, too short — or have any one of 1,000 other defects we seem to find in one another.

If, however, a person at first appears physically attractive, there looms the question of personality and compatibility. Judging on such important issues as sex, religion, income, family life and hobbies. Needs, abilities, life goals and expectations must also be considered. George Martin cautions:

The chances of finding an acceptable combination of qualities or factors in any one person are currently remote. A Toronto-based agency called the Scientific Introduction Centre which uses psychologists instead of a computer, provides a hypothetical example of its selecting material:

"A man living in a city of 50,000 people could only expect to find about 1,000 eligible women in his age group. Of these, only about 100 would have interests wide enough to offer him reasonably enjoyable friendship. Only 10, however, would come close to offering him compatibility."

That's 10 out of 50,000 — odds of 3,900 to one!

As any programmer will tell you, a computer is merely as good as the data fed into it. Indeed, computer dating — by no means unworkable on principle — demands full, honest disclosure to be at its most effective. There's no point your saying you're a Sam Reynolds when you're a Woody Allen or an Elton Sinner when you're a Carol Burnett. If Amy wants to be about her age and upgrade her knowledge of music, she'll get what's coming to her — a stream of brilliant arrangers expecting to meet someone much younger.

Computer's data is derived from the Personality Evaluation Test's 118 questions. Examples:

Would you accept a date who is your height or slightly shorter?

continue on page 46



Caprice Classic for 1974.
Why would you want
a more expensive car?



© men, up on your feet. The fastest session is all year round now.

I am attracted by the opposite sex:
 extremely attractive
 very attractive
 attractive
 pleasant
 average
 plain
 unattractive

Do you believe in romantic love?

I drink:
a few drinks daily
one or two drinks a day
socially
seldom
never

I consider sex before marriage
a part of life
a possibility
a problem
undecidable

I consider my son like
strong
above average
average
below average
low

There's no limit to the number of dates you may receive through Computer Date, but the number of responses you receive depends on how the evaluation test is completed. Narrow requirements will obviously result in fewer matches. For example, specifying dates between 16 and 33 years would mean a shorter list than if you had asked to meet people aged between 24 and 36. Restricting requirements to your own faith would also narrow the field.

Heimstedt with the possibility of a long line of virgins from Waco north (just for the purpose of a book). I covered a much shorter list by specifying nothing less than a Master's degree. Having completed the test thoroughly and paid \$45 for three months I sat back and waited. Of course, I could have placed an ad in the local paper and had a little. You know the kind of ad. It provides a spouse under which if you happen to be a woman, well, and wary about you.

breath, you could come out looking as fit as the very best and emphasize your love of music and recreation.

References

[illegible]

"I thought Amy and I were incompatible... until I met Angie. The ironic part is that Angie actually phoned me. 'I didn't wanna phone you' she said 'but I've been away and thought like well, you might have been trying to get hold of me.'"

I said I hadn't yet but would be pleased to call.

"Do you wear glasses?" Angie asked carefully.

"Yes," I said. "I wear my tan glasses to the movies. Sometimes I even wear a seat belt."

"You don't do you!"

"Demands on the move"

We decided to meet anyway — at 5:15 p.m. in Plant Village Mall, where Ange works for a finance company. At 5:10 p.m., she came down the escalator, a

sensuous figure in a black silk perfume. She was carrying her coat — probably an evening — and it showed her back in

"How long you been waiting?" she asked.

“FINGER”

"That's not possible, for crying out loud!"

My first reaction was to steer her down the busstop-lined corridor toward Central Station. I was checking all the time. I was asking myself how she knew I was here. *Compartir* because she came straight toward me as though she'd known me for years. We had nothing to say. We just walked. Finally she broke the silence.

^a“Aren’t you going to help me on with my coat?”

"Sorry, I didn't realize."

"I thought it was natural — that we always helped ladies on with their coats for crying out loud."

"Surrey & Sons"

That was our first important conversation. Soon we found ourselves amidst the madding crowds of Central Station at around 5:30 pm. Normally at this time Amtrak boards a train for Cartersville, 10 miles northwest of Montreal. *Knowledge you were about to depart*

"Target it," Angie said. "I've got to hurry home. I've something on tonight."
"Hike. I'll run you home."

After that, we said no more —

we reached my car. It was raining and still we said nothing. Then, as Angie settled into her seat and fastened her safety belt, she broke the silence and said:

"Your car smells."

smelly
Smells of what?

My next reaction was to get her home as quickly as I could. We took the north-bound Decatur Expressway. The drive seemed like an eternity. It was raining harder and Angie and I couldn't even manage a glance. This time, I used the vacuum breather as "So you're gone."

CHINESE

"Oh, I will. That guy I know's mother."

has invited me to her wedding anniversary. Twenty seven years married. Imagine that! They're having a party."

^aQuoted for item.

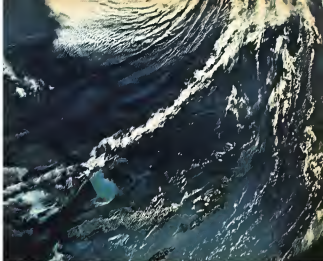
"And they want to borrow some records and my punch bowl!"

The traffic was shocking, and right where I thought a scaled communication had fallen between us we ran into a traffic jam. Smoke from the cars rose up in the air. My windows were screaming like a hot instrument's

"So you're taking along your punch bowl?"

"YSD

continued on page 48



**It took a moonshot
to show you the
clearness of the waters
of the Bahamas.**

We've been telling you for years that the waters of the Bahamas are more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. It took a moonshot to let us show it to you. In this incredible Apollo 8 Earth-Sky View, the distinctive aquamarine waters of the Bahamas contrast sharply with the rest of the Atlantic and all of the Caribbean. The Bahamas. Almost 250,000 miles from the moon. Only 50 miles off the coast of Florida.



advice, frustration and confusion. The French City, as Cornwall had perhaps overreactively called itself, is right along racial lines in it hasn't been since the 1930s: a white part of the French community has taken to isolate itself, a majority of the English community not far behind in response: a group in the middle is isolated.

St. Lawrence High School-Catholic Secondary St. Laurent was also more, opened in 1956 the first bilingual high school in Ontario. It was built in the east end of the city where nearly all the French-Catholic lived. Until St. Lawrence-St. Laurent, French-speaking students, most of whom came out of French-language separate schools, were at a disadvantage. The only other high school in the city at the time was the Catholic-Anglican Cornwall Collegiate and Vocational School. Considering the language and cultural barriers and often inferior primary-school training, it was something of a miracle if a French kid ever made it through CCVS. In many cases, too, his parents discouraged higher education for him, his father, after all, had arrived in Cornwall from the farms and farm towns of the surrounding Ottawa valley with a grade five education and he had a good job and security. Besides, the family needed the money, and there were lots of jobs around.

In any case, CCVS was a hostile environment for a French student. St. Lawrence-St. Laurent was designed to make French students feel at home, and to expose English and French students to one another. In the Thirties and Forties young French and English kids rarely met, except in gang fights somewhere in the area of Brennan's Corners, a local equivalent of the Boardman Club. Before it was in St. Lawrence in 1956, I don't recall ever talking to a real French Canadian, except maybe some friends of my parents, and then not about anything important. I came from the West Front and a Winnipeg public school. But

just as its founders hoped it would, St. Lawrence-St. Laurent changed all of the stereotypes, and became a symbol for the community. The first principal was René Lalonde and the vice-principal was Bob Robinson, when Lalonde left, and Robinson became principal. René Bessier became his vice-principal. A large majority of the teachers spoke French and English fluently, most of them had come from the French language University of Ottawa. French was spoken and as much vital business as possible was transacted in both languages, assemblies and announcements, for example. Of course the school wasn't truly bilingual because while nearly all the French students spoke English perfectly or at least mouthably, none of the English students spoke any French. While positive bilingual classes were offered in French, no matter what the deficits, though, St. Lawrence-St. Laurent existed in all of us as a bilingualism of the mind, the very atmosphere of the place worked up to test our biases of ignorance. It is impossible to suppose a football game by chanting only for Billings and Sammartino and Bowden, and boxing Rocco, Payton and Ayres.

Cornwall's changing example dazzled in the Fifties and early Sixties, when it was just before the Sixties, and especially after, when people were told to "be their own kind." It dominated all conversation. I don't think in the 20 years I lived in Cornwall or the 12 years I've been an occasional visitor there, that I've ever heard the kind of senselessness, mindless or so frequently then. Again and again I heard people say "We bow the bows of the Plains of Abraham and by Jesus we are on a day."

The decline of understanding began in 1968, with the kind of senselessness Bill 161, which provided for the establishment of French-language high schools in the province. About that time, Cornwall's three French-language Catholic high schools folded. And when they folded a public-school alternative was demanded, and then disappeared just a tremendous strain on the St. Lawrence-St. Laurent. For various reasons the local board of education didn't build a necessary new school which would almost certainly have become a French high school. One teacher, Sam MacLeod, a sandy little Scot from a nearby farm town, once said "There'll be a French school here over my dead body." Others were more subtle, but the fact is the school never got built (the proposal came this spring, two days before the student strike began). This put pressure on St. Lawrence-St. Laurent. Three years ago it was forced to go on a shift system, and out of the shifts banters a French-language school in effect, for the three years. In the 1973-1974 school year it completely separated from the

continues on page 55



"Our ten-year-old Sam finally found himself. He got a French and French he said."



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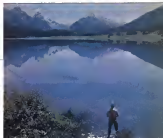
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The New Zealand aesthetic

Calvin James with Gemma Anne Creek, Roaring Meg and all the wholesome pleasures of Kiwi

BY ALAN HUGHES

The pool of grey mud was about 30 feet wide and it seemed to have no bottom. Near my toes a bubble formed, grew to impossible dimensions and exploded with a pop. Further away a jet of sulphurous gas burst through the sludges, hissed like a python, and settled down to an irritable gurgling. Here and there more bubbles were pipping wofly. However, my 20-month-old daughter, who

agreed with the sheer potential of the place — what a source of mud just! Every visitor to New Zealand wants to see the Rotomua thermal area, which may well be the most remarkable on earth. Whenever you look there are embers, blowholes, bubbling pools and jets of steam, all giving off a faint odor of rotten eggs. From our hotel we could watch Pohatu geyser, the performer of

the town's main thermal area every couple of hours it would cough, splutter, and burst a jet of scolding water 100 feet in the air with a noise like the granddaddy of all jackhammers. In subvocal Whakarewareware Maori runs from clumps of grass in people's backyards, a crack in the sidewalk and even between the toes in the Maori country. "Rotomua is the capital of Maori cul-

"Our people never guide him to," but one person never had any suspicions about the greyns or fawnmosses. We leave that to the *puhakea* (Hippocampus), he added with a disarming grin.

For the first time, I was a tourist, after his first look at the implausible landscape park outside Rotorua, near Mount Taranaki, wrote in the visitor's book: "Tested from somewhere" I suppose it's difficult to say that a mountain scene is something pretty easy on the mind as it would do some of the countryside it fastened when it blew its top in 1868. The Waitemata Valley is one kind of the 18-tons paid down across the top of the city by the eruption of 1868. John McEwen, the prime minister of the violent landscape "It will be a pity-value for New Zealand," he explained. His eyes glowed under shaggy grey brows as he told me how a professional artist had finally in an epiphany: "It took me a long time to see this landscape house," he said emotionally.

Once you have internalized the marvels of Rotorua, it is time to begin to discover New Zealand. Don't let the map deceive you: those two islands dominating the North Island are not the main-hand corner of Australia, but a lot bigger than they look. If you allow only a week or two to see everything you will regret. New Zealand is not the sort of place for a whirlwind tour. There is too much to see, and it is too far from the luxury, and you will only wind up by deciding to come back next year.

Canadians are discovering that New Zealand offers just the sort of unadorned vacation they like. "Five, even three years ago, you hardly ever met anyone from Canada," says a Canadian travel leader Ray Kallinowski, even more a bakery in Queensland, South Island. "Nowadays so many Canadians drop in, I sometimes have to hide in the back of the shop and pretend I'm not here." Ray's shop is in the town of Kaitake, a small town. Kaitake (Kaitake is a local corruption of Canada) and displays the Canadian flag. "I like it here, but then I'm a country boy. This is a quiet place," he said.

There are fewer than three million people in New Zealand, and the country is the lakes and rivers. It is clear that there are some of the 10-pound trout swimming around 30 feet below. The bright lights and Rotorua of Auckland (the largest city, population 700,000) are unlikely to have such appeal to resistant visitors. The country is a lot more than a landscape with a flag, this unworked land has few equals. The scenery changes so rapidly, and points of interest are so close together that you make frequent stops. Consequently the children don't get bored or restless. But on our experience of the country, it is not to do more than 200 miles, or 100,000.

Remember when driving was "motoring" and done for pleasure? We relived those days on the spithead, scenic roads of both islands. I drove quite a few hours of Chalmers on "rush hour" precisely because it was so relaxing. The roads were so close the country is incredibly varied. Undulating sheep hills [New Zealand has 60 million sheep] give way to barren moorlands, rocky highlands, then glacial-trapped mountains in response to the sea. The scenery is so varied that, for instance, all in one day's drive. From the tropical palmwoods of Ninety Mile Beach in the north, 1,000 miles south to the cool Fiordland, there's enough to delight the eye for months. And while the scenery is so varied, the water, it's unimpressive down south.

Many Canadians will visit Chalmers each year for the tenth British Commonwealth Games. Founded by Australia 125 years ago, that city nation has been a hotbed of sports and recreation. The Kiwis have red buses, omelets, Gatorade vending, and the soft green banks of a river called the Aorua. Sochiyevs throwing beads to the ducks were cherts and Edwardians' hats. People are friendly, but there are no Kiwis. I was told that in Canada I expected the "Kiwi" to resemble their leany cousin in Australia. I wanted to question somebody, but guessed that I'd have to be properly introduced. A few days later one of my buddies provided an opportunity. It gave me merry hell. The young demented kid, time out from golf so he put on all of my money. Draped around his space-age chair, I paroled my question while wandering for the somewhere to take him. He said that the first New Zealanders were carefully selected on an attempt to boost a race of gentlemen while the early Aussies were transported convicts. "Maybe we just developed an inferiority complex," he said. "I don't think we're as smart as you. You're smarter than Sydney." I said I seemed calmer than Sydney. New Zealanders still looks toward England. We don't sound a bit like Aussies, do we? English, Irish and something inappreciable that made him put me on the spot. I said I was a Canadian. He said, "No change. We're getting more independent all the time." My teeth came out with a crunch.

Heading west from Chalmers we cruised packed mountains by the Aorua's Pan. No place for the hunchbacked, more people than the forest of the west coast. There we stopped, and the fearless Pogue led us along a glacial road mad through a damp jungle of exotic tree ferns and creepers. Everywhere the insects and the Omelettey plants grew a pale green mass in delicate new growth. The most he-

How to go where you want to stay

Garden will fly you from Vancouver to Auckland for NZ\$240 (exclusive of \$4.10 first-class (one-way). Excursion rate \$8.10 to \$20 (rent a \$692 room). There's no discount for children under 12 years old. If you have been you can use P & O also from Vancouver; there will be low airfares in 1974 or February 9 (and in time for the Commonwealth Games) August 28-September 11 and December 5. Lowest one way fares start from \$295 (August) to \$340 (December), depending on length of voyage from 12 to 15 days.

Cross in New Zealand the friendly and highly efficient Government Tourist Buses in Auckland Christchurch and Wellington can arrange your itinerary and from your accommodation they'll take you to the nearest tourist areas start around \$21/20 (double) about \$20/20. Off the beaten track a full accommodation comes a good deal cheaper - only about \$20/20 (\$20/20) average without any appreciable price in comfort)

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

hence as well as in the English. Even then, most responsible for hanging their heads in shame is the community, not the nation of persecution or discrimination — that would be more easily understood, but there is no case to be made for it and nobody tried to make one. It is not to be made. However, it is somewhat suddenly exploding, the most radical wing of the feminist movement, captain to her husband that while he's a decent man and a pretty good householder she's either got to be brutal and manipulative. It's an imperfect analogy, but it does distillate the point, and it shows the Franco-Ontario liberation movement to one of its corners: the Franco-Ontarian while he still can't seem to define himself in his own terms. The Quebecers are born in Cornwall. His father was an ex-minister of Cornwall township. His mother was a Clarke and spoke no French and before she married his father she swore she'd never live in the East End. Eventually she did. There was one of three "mixed" marriages that did not in so many others did and would do, made the French presence in Cornwall from more than 30% in 1951 to about 38% today, usually when French married English, the language of the former became English, and the children spoke it. But Paul Rouleau grew up speaking both languages. He became a lawyer, returned to Cornwall and an anglophone. He was considered a model citizen by all a young man who would go far, certainly a young man who would do well in politics. Now in his mid-forties, he still looks good, except that he'll never be regarded as a model citizen again. It was Rouleau, you see, who started up the whole mess — at least that's the consensus in Anglo-Cornwall. Rouleau and a bunch of associates (who in Cornwall are sometimes defined as anybody whose ancestry does not trace directly to the United Empire Loyalists). Everybody (except Paul Rouleau) says Paul Rouleau began rickling about the French situation in Cornwall, and began demanding a French high school to preserve and strengthen what was left of it. That was in the late Sixties. In October 1970, during the Quebec kidnapping crisis and the War Measures Act, there was a riot in Cornwall that Rouleau "the separatist" was in custody. Actually he was in Europe, but the rumor spread.

"We asked the boss," Rouleau says. "Our fathers wouldn't have, they weren't as strong politically or educationally." On public platforms and at high levels of government, he and a few other Franco-Cornwallians began the quest for a French high school even before there was legislation to allow it, but the opposition was very real and it came from both the English and French ends

of the city. The older people, French and English, either believed strongly in the St. Lawrence tradition for adults or they didn't want Rouleau's kind of radical departure, or they simply didn't care, but in not caring they permitted to have things remain the same.

But on March 16, 1973 the French staff students of the St. Lawrence students (as they were by then calling themselves) took to the streets to challenge the local school board and to denounce the bilingualism as planned in the school, mixed-language shifts. They were openly supported by a number of their teachers, and joined in their marches and parades and demonstrations by a number of adults, generally speaking the intellectual elite of the Cornwall French community. They were also supported openly by some French-speaking members of the Roman Catholic clergy and faculty by the Northern Ontario-born, young bishop of the diocese. They got massive coverage in the French-language Quebec media, and the local French radio station, and cable, televi-



Tom Symons, Cornwall's mayor.

sion channel, both controlled, incidentally by the father of one of the strike leaders. The town was bifurcated, shocked, and angry, but nobody really believed that they would get their primary demand: that St. Lawrence High School be turned over completely to them. They were only 700 after all, and the school could take twice that number, on the other side, the mixed-shift, there were more than 3,200 students, with a French-speaking majority, and all were against the strike and the demands.

The French students were locked for 18 days, without any particularly high incident. Morale was high. The people in charge, whether they were students or adults (that question is still unanswered and never will be) did a masterful job and they say. The Anglo-dominated board of education refused from the outset to grant the student demand, which was for the St. Lawrence/St. Laurent building. So the Ontario government, which was under some pressure from the Liberals and New Democrats and from the Globe and Mail editorial writers, sent a mixed-instruction team. Tom Symons had to get it worked out

and quashed down. Symons somehow convinced the board to turn in the school over to the French group, but the fall of 1973 when they demanded it, but in the fall of 1974 when they knew they could realistically get it.

One of the leaders of the student strike, perhaps in English and certainly in philosophy, is Rouleau's son, Luc Berard, a slim handsome 18-year-old. I spent hours with him, arguing and agreeing and being truthfully impressed. "We don't want to fall into the big American melting pot," he told me in one pose. "I believe my culture! I want to be Canadian bilingual and to have a culture I can identify with. The school board when assimilating, all their strategies are set up for that. They want to Americanize our values."

When he began to emerge for me about the Cornwall crisis is that overall it was nobody's fault. It is a legitimate disagreement well within the limits of Canadian liberal democracy. But it is a pre-emptive, not then doesn't make it a fair one. The student strikers and the sizable minority of the community which supported them, were simply seeking to fulfill a perceived need. "We were entitled to the school," Paul Rouleau says, "so why shouldn't we take it? They said we could have both languages so doesn't we want both?" The school board, dominated by Anglos by more than two-to-one, can probably be faulted for intransigence and for some instances for being very, but to dismiss the whole matter as bias, the treatment was really providing a Canadian tradition, and the minorities in which that tradition was embodied. And they were expressing the majority desire of the community which elected them.

There is no denying that there are racial divisions in both camps in Cornwall but they are small and they matter one another out. No it's not as simple as that, there are no demonstrably bad apples, no place for the blame to be deposited. The fact that this did not deter the Globe and Mail from issuing culpability to the English-majority board is more a reflection of that newspaper's new-found bias than of the real situation. The English people of Cornwall didn't deserve that kind of assessment, any more than they deserved the rebuke they got from their MP, Lucien Lamoureux, Speaker of the House of Commons as one of the many emotive points reached in the community during the student strike. Addressing his Anglo-Cornwall constituents he said, with self-aggravation, "Open your eyes and your hearts to understand what we want." To say that to the people of Cornwall was worse than telling them they were a bunch of scoundrels like Lucien Lamoureux, who has won his seat in every election since 1967, was ad-

continued on page 58

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erred and repeated and supported by the English community community. They were proud of him, in proud as the English community was of those identified with him as much. But there he stood, like an unreasonable father, telling me he had to give his favorite boy to the other, not only give it to him but to do so graciously.

The English of Cornwall had a right to expect more from him than that. After all he'd been brought to Cornwall by the own-beloved Lionel Cornwell (believed until the Seaway debate which ultimately brought to the fore the most important factor in his life: his head and unemployment) and because it had always appeared that he was an equitable man. Yes he was the law partner of Paul Roddick but not many people suspected that they shared the same views. The word of that Lantana man will not run in the Cornwall area again. Cheever, for many years a federal cabinet minister, left when he became president of the Seaway Authority, and later ran in a race. Montreal was his ending.

Lamont's response, in effect, indicates you have for removed the government and their evolving ideologies from the people and the markets. The English people of Cornwall understood the importance and the desirability of bilingualism-biculturalism and they positioned it progressively, if imperfectly, until the spring of 1979. It was as much as them, and all they'd need to do, to be featured on the subject by Lucien Lamontagne. Bill 161, out of Quebec's Parliament, for the Cornwall area, an impediment to progress, however well-intended, however important in other parts of the province, in application in Cornwall has been nearly disastrous. The people of Cornwall, the majority of the English and the majority of the French, had been playing by the old rules maybe with a tainted deck but it was still a pretty good game.

Understandably — and sadly — the Anglo-Cornwallis has been driven into isolation, a bitter sort of season. He's saying things he thought he'd never hear himself say, all privately among fellow-English and meeting them. And, erroneously, he has taken an interest in the right-wing Anglo-Canadian Loyalist Association.

Shortly after the strike began, and offering incentives to advertisement for membership in the Loyalist appeared in the local newspaper's classified section. A number of people in Cornwall began to receive unsolicited Loyalist literature, among them an Earl End Frenchman named Eugene Laprade probably because he was the major public protagonist in the battle against St. Lawrence-St. Laurent becoming an all-French school. On the other hand, you

can't go by names in Cornwall: there are Provençals and Judoques who speak no French, and Orléans and Madrasians who speak very little English. The Loyalist, based in Ottawa, began with the premise that there is no legal justification for two official languages in Canada and with the proposition that, if the government's initiative toward a bilingual Canada is not stopped, Canada will become a French-speaking republic in North America.

It's not that the English of Cornwall believe the Laprade version of history or share the proposition. But the Loyalist, after some kind of alienation and solace.

But there have been more direct effects. A number of English Catholics, offended by the support given the other side by the priest and the bishop, and recruited by the public testimony of a number of French separatist school students that they were punished for speaking English anywhere in the schools, have withdrawn their tax support for the separate school system. If they cut in



School Board chairman under siege

number — and there are many of them — they could cripple the system.

A plan by the school board to introduce French immersion courses into the public school system, from kindergarten on, has been all but scuttled. One man, speaking at a meeting in the upper-middle-class Riverside district in the west end, said "When a French person asks for a French-only education, he's considered a parrot. But when an English person asks for English-only education, he's considered a hog."

Some other people I know have stopped shopping at Lalonde's market in the East End. Lalonde's has the best meat in town, but these people have moved to seek good a Frenchman's advice: even Cornwall is too small a town for that kind of blood letting out. There's no place to take their anger in. Everybody is confronted daily in that not bloody way.

And the French-school advocates haven't been going in victory, nor has the school board been sensible in defeat. As soon as the discussion was made the war began in blatant recruiting program for more students. It was read in

them that enough students would sign up for the all-French school to ensure that the St. Lawrence-St. Laurent building be there. Obviously, if they're more than only 100 or 200 students, as some people predict, there's no way they'll get St. Lawrence-St. Laurent met full. Instead, they'll have to go to the new school, which will accommodate a maximum 1,300 St. Lawrence-St. Laurent. The effect of this increasing, should it be successful, could destroy the bilingual nature of two other area high schools positioned on the old St. Lawrence-St. Laurent formula. This kind of action has further infuriated the English and made more French, and kept wounds open.

Then, early in June, the trustees, unwilling to leave bad enough alone, fired one teacher from the French-language staff, Jacques Belet, and did not renew the contract of another, Father Paul Belet, for their alleged abuse role in the student strike. The strike was more demonstrated by parents and students, by other teachers in the area, and a consultation/exhibition of the conflict.

When I attended St. Lawrence High School (École Secondaire St. Laurent from 1954 to 1960) it never occurred to me that a great many of my fellow students, in fact a majority of them, were not being fully accommodated by the system. Despite the intent and despite its attempts, St. Lawrence was still an English-language school serving a predominantly French student body. To be sure, it was better than CCVS for them, but not ideal. Most of them came to St. Lawrence having learned to think in French and found that in most cases, especially in the higher grades, they had to speak and write in English because their classmates, like me, couldn't take instruction in French. Years after I left, in 1960, when I became more sensitive to human needs, I began to wonder about these difficulties, recently I asked some of the people I went to school with in the Fifties. French people, and they affirmed the difficulty. They talked about all these friends who'd dropped out because of the language barrier: because they were discouraged, I checked it with my old year books, and it was true — by grade 13 there were few French names in the one-to-five ratio in comparison to the maybe three-to-one ratio in grade nine in the Sixties (though things got better).

But I was oblivious at the time as were most of my Anglo classmates in win the community in general. We were perhaps the most obvious generation of the century, very little mattered to us other than enjoying the post-war prosperity and taking our rightful places in the middle class. We were, if not leaders at least initiators. If the French Fact had emerged then I doubt there it being handled in less clumsily than it is being handled now. ■

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CITIES from page 18

profession, it represents more than anything else a connection that the streets place focus that language is on the brought to itself. Here, population threw up new political parties, the Progressives and the United Farmers, the CCF and the Social Credit League: urban population has recently thrown up a new political structure, the Angry Neighborhood, and then now it is the time for people to ward against responsive municipal governments in most Canadian cities.

Rural population, too, it was said, ought off, rolled down and unrolled by urban growth, though not before it had profoundly affected Canadian politics. The verdict is not yet in on urban populism. Certainly in most cities, the built-and-to-be-demolished development philosophy of the 1950s and 1960s has been called into question. The highway is no longer venerated, the neighborhood a sort of old homes by a shopping place is no longer automatically regarded as progress. But many of the neighborhood residents have been wary of scattered groups of newspapers who are concerned not so much with the plight of the city as the taste value of their own homes.

Speculators have been restless, but that has not stopped people pouring into the cities. It has only made their plight that much more difficult. In Vancouver the Strathcona Association Association has started a public housing project that threatened to displace a few old Chinese community that what happened to the 4,000 people who were slated to move into that project? Nobody knows, but Margaret Gledhill, of the Vancouver and District Housing Association, told me that in her city two years ago for public housing, are "vicious" who told her that the developer or the people who sold houses?

The rapid growth of cities has resulted in pressure for housing. First, the rate of housing has soared — the average sale price of a Canadian house has nearly doubled in the past decade. For the middle and upper classes, this represents no anomaly: they are paying more than they would like to for housing, for the poor it is a tragedy. They are living in substandard accommodations, in some cases packed without enough food to pay rent. A federal study has shown that only 5% of Canadian families have the income necessary to buy a new detached house. In 1961 the figure was 25%. Individual housing is becoming a luxury item.

The second pressure has come on older neighborhoods, which become ripe for development in some way. In the city of Montreal more than 1,000 houses have been torn down over the past 10 years. In and large inner-city housing is replaced by most expensive highways and lower houses which give the con-

spiral yet another push upward.

The third pressure produced by quick massive growth is psychological. The widely felt anxiety that at the heart of our very make-up is forces beyond our control. The houses we live in the neighborhoods we walk in the school and parks where our children learn and play all seem to be subject to forces made that they by accident, by circumstances or grand decisions. We don't decide things. They do and often we don't even know who they are. The highest that Westerners up the street, the park, the shopping area, or more seriously the emergency water that appears all seem to stem from some geographical command center, completely unresponsive to existence, financial demands or even logic.

The new urban population has made important strides against two of these forces. In most of our cities, neighborhoods are being preserved or even restored, and the builder who brings in the individual without a guide to the area he is about to deliver often finds himself not only beleaguered, but stopped cold. And because the politician has won a number of seats, the revolutionary position that you can fight City Hall — and not only fight it but change its mind — has taken root. The politics of urbanism have become in some degree the politics of involvement. Newspaper associations, citizen organizations and other groups of help saving have blossomed, and the voice of the taxpayer is heard in the land.

The impact on municipal politics is already apparent, after more reports of elected officials are being drawn to public office at the municipal level. The three most obvious examples are the new mayors of Vancouver, Calgary and Toronto — An Phillips, Rod Sykes and David Crombie, none of them elected on a platform of conservatism and involvement, each of them a little year ahead of his predecessor as urban philosophy. City politics were once the refuge, not so much of the successful (although that too) as the deluded. Melvyn Cline, a writer who writes for the big leagues of provincial and federal politics, or who was having a talk now trying for these leagues, demonstrated the controls along with the property men — lawyers, insurance brokers, contractors and mortgage men — who had a direct stake in municipal decisions. Today competition for alternative peaks is fierce and demands made on successful candidates are high. When I first came and city council in Toronto 30 years ago, it was all of our problems was that they do not embrace the city so much in requirements they seldom met, and that they were making the conditions of the text and pay policy, which we all assumed were part of the municipal

continued on page 68



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credit, be held within reasonable bounds. Recently, one alderman in the Toronto suburb of North York Road threatened facing criminal charges for collecting expense money for consultants they didn't take, they were obviously assaulted by the law over a possibility that was once almost a fringe benefit of the job.

So far we have done well, city policies are more open, more involving and in areas of preserving the character of our great cities more successful. But the first promise I mentioned, the promise of housing, has not abated. Indeed, the situation has become steadily worse: prices that were usually 100 per cent five years ago have become ludicrous. In Toronto, the average house sold for \$16,500 in 1963, \$32,500 in 1972, and leaped close to \$40,000 today, with another 25% increase projected for next year. One Toronto couple, whose young son just offered the listed price for a house without quibbling, and lost it to another buyer who went higher than the list, on their next choice, they offered \$1,000 over the list, and lost that too. Now, then they offered \$2,000 over the list on a third house with the same result. Finally they plunked down \$2,700 more than a fourth owner was asking for his place and got it. They paid \$38,000 for a three-bedroom bungalow which had sold 13 months earlier for \$50,000.

In Halifax, prefabricated houses that sold for \$3,400 after World War II are now going for \$23,000, in Calgary a three-bedroom bungalow that cost \$23,000 two years ago has increased in price by more than 100,000. And even at sky-high prices, there are often no homes to be found. A year ago there were only 34 new single-unit homes for sale in the entire city of Ottawa.

In part, the problem is monetary and improves our cities in a subtle, in many cities, insidious manner to keep tax assessments high have played increasingly strict regulations on development — raise-leave lot widths, maximum prices, banned, decreased, were first-class

roads, adequate sidewalks. The effect has not been to slow growth but to make it more expensive. Other cities concerned with the deterioration of downtown areas have allowed them to be flattened and replaced by better-designed and more expensive housing.

Planning expert Hans Blumenfeld of the University of Toronto, an internationally known urbanologist, contends that "The cities cannot, like the suburbs, keep the people out; they are already there. But they can try to throw them out by zoning down the houses in which they live and replacing them with structures which yield higher taxes. This criminal policy is rationalized as 'slum clearance' for the sake of 'higher housing standards.' In fact, the war against the slums becomes a war against their victims: the 'War on Poverty' a war against the poor."

The failure to meet the housing needs of its people is the most spectacular failure of the city state. The causes are many and complex, but underpinning every other factor is the enormous gap between responsibility and power at the local level, the gap between the tasks the city has been given and the resources it has at its command.

Under the British North America Act the cities are creatures of the provinces: the power of municipalities to raise money, pass by-laws, plan infrastructure, develop housing projects are all subject to the veto — and the binding — of state governments. Thus we have the phenomenon that Prince Edward Island, population 112,000, can levy taxes on all property and land rights and bargain directly with Ottawa for funds and power while Metropolitan Montreal, population 2,700,000 has no tax power, beyond property and business taxes, and no direct access to the federal level. A study by the Economic Council of Canada, *The Future Of Taxation In Canada* has shown that all tax revenues allocated to this country 35.8% fall into federal coffers, 35.1% fall into provincial coffers and

only 12.4% to the municipalities. What's more, because municipal taxes are the most regressive (that is, they press hardest on lower incomes), there is almost no room for the municipalities to move. In order to finance they must depend on senior governments taking up the slack and the problem is that the priorities of the cities are not the priorities of the senior governments.

Not long ago the city of Toronto petitioned the government of Ontario for legislation to give the city power to control demolition. Without such control, Mayor David Crombie argued, any developer could come along, knock down a neighborhood and supply for a high rise, it would be too late to lament the area's destruction. He called the requested bill "the most important piece of legislation ever sought by the city of Toronto." The province turned him down. But after Donald Frost, parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Treasury, Economics and Intergovernmental Affairs said that such a law would be "an intrusion on the rights of property owners." The right to smash down buildings apparently superseded the right to live in them, but then another friend nor any other provincial member faces the work that waits in the wake of the bulldozer and the rocking ball.

When the NDP government in Manitoba set out to smother Winnipeg's elected city council with the new city council "should be the exclusive law-making body responsible for all programs under its control for housing and for relationships with other jurisdictions." But somehow it didn't work out that way. When the legislation was finally passed the Manitoba municipal board a six-member body appointed by the province, was given final authority over two key areas — civic construction programs and zoning and planning matters. The city can be overruled on matters of fundamental importance by an unelected body, and not for the representatives of any of their districts.

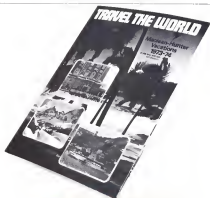
Another case. During the last federal election the Liberal government promised Toronto a \$30-million waterfront park. Since then the price has gone to \$50 million and may reach \$70 million. Toronto occupied the park, but it would much rather have the money. As Mayor Crombie says, "Who are we to turn down a park?" But we'd prefer the \$50 million to spend as we see fit. On our premises, not theirs."

In general, the cities live the cross the promises have the provisions and Ottawa has the money.

And so it is, almost every solution proffered to bring down costs — land-banking, subordinated mortgages, cash grants, interest-free loans, tax changes to curb land speculation, the development of satellite cities — de-

continued on page 16

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CITIES continue

points on the action of politicians who are not directly responsible

There is another problem, related not so much to the speed as the pattern of our recent growth, which has been aimed overwhelmingly at suburban areas. In the decade 1961-71, Montreal's city centre remained static while the suburbs grew 27%, the city of Toronto grew 45, its suburbs 80%. London grew 51% London suburbs 43%. Victoria lost population while its suburbs grew 34%. Canadian city centres are now surrounded by suburban rings of equal or greater population and different priorities. City planners, for example, are concerned to keep the downtown areas as varied cosmopolitan and alive as they are today. Repeat planners, on the other hand tend to regard the city as logically a place to work for urban housing: downtown is the factory, outside is the dormitory. So the suburban officials tend to favor massive expressways to shift large numbers of people in and out of the city, while city officials resent the intrusion of roads which threaten to destroy with their traffic those areas they don't object to with their construction. The city of Toronto opposed the Spadina Expressway, which Mayor Toronto favored.

This dichotomy makes it difficult for senior governments to respond, even when they want to. On the Spadina case, the province accepted the city's view and killed the expressway. A Mid senior governments have won the dichotomy by responding in fits and starts, with hastily thrown-together programs. Housing has suffered more from this piecemeal approach than transportation, because the transport industry is organized into well-learned lobbies, and because, in provincial jurisdictions, there is an enormous and highly visible pool of money which is controlled by law to transport the groups that suffer most from the housing crisis are those with the least political muscle. That federal politicians feel they can use mortgage rates as a recombinant lever to induce or defuse the money supply at will, and that in the past few years we have had six different housing programs on public housing, one to encourage it, one to stop it dead and a third to encourage it in different ways.

What the scenario suggests is that while the city states have made important gains in recent years, they are in danger of losing the war. After all it would be possible for every sliver of angry campaigner to topple every developer onto the dust without helping the cities much; they would come across as a sort of well-ordered middle-class neighborhood surrounded by an urban wasteland.

No one is going to reverse the trend so city leaders, not city states will continue command on page 66



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to grow. The federally commissioned Desnoes-Fish report calls housing, *Prologue to Search Of A Policy, position*, "the next 10 years, we will need approximately 2.5 million new (housing) units.... If present trends continue, almost all of the population increase will occur in cities of 100,000 in size or more which during that decade [will] reach the size."

That prediction can be either a threat or a challenge; the ones that are allowed to add under their new growth into U.S.-style urban jungles or they can be developed rationally to benefit from all the advantages (economic, cultural and social) implied in city living. Which way we go depends on large measures on how successful we are in adapting

today's fragmented political approach to its new task.

Some of our needs are obvious; they begin with a need for a rethinking of revenue and power in our more numerous cities of local governments. The trend to keep municipalities in regions should be examined carefully, to see if it is really new or necessary. While it is easier for provincial and federal governments to deal with only the Greater Vancouver Regional government as Vancouverites know, the area represents a complex of problems. From Delta to West Vancouver, that requires diverse solutions. Until power and cash can be made to follow its possibility, it is hard to see how any permanent solution will be achieved.

To make the necessary changes is not really all that difficult. After all, the people who vote in city, provincial and federal elections are, in a large and growing sense, the same people. If they can be organized to press on local governments, they can be mobilized to elect MLAs and MPs who understand urban problems and are responsive to urban demands.

We are living on a gamble, the gamble that we can modify our politics swiftly enough to meet the challenge of life in the city must before our cities become unsustainable. There is no way of knowing how that gamble will work out, but on the basis of the demands we have traveled in the past 30 years, the prognosis is hopeful indeed. ■

VANCOUVER from page 39

proach and, in character of the special committee on False Creek, expects that approach to be adopted. But Hurdwick has come under fire from citizens' groups especially those in the Fairview-Skyway area just south of the creek, where housing projects based on spinoff loans threaten to force residents out of low-rent houses. The people have formed a coalition of all citizen groups and have demanded a guarantee that they will be consulted at every stage in planning the project.

Hurdwick has turned them down. He says "It's just not possible to consult with citizens every inch of the way. It's too complex an undertaking." There has been a concerted campaign to gather local opinion, but the city wants to draw a line on the consultation process. For instance, the city set up a review panel to consider alternative plans for the area, but, according to Spencey Parker of the coalition, "Everyone on the panel is probably making \$25,000 and has no housing problem." The citizens are more than welcome to express themselves, but not to meet with the blueprints, but that's not a sought, but that doesn't mean it will be followed.

The urban reform has been meted by condemning the moderate Hurdwick as if he were more reactionary than the former, unbalanced mayor. Tom "Torrus" Campbell, Ann Jarvis, coalition secretary, said so. "You know where you stood with the old council, they were reactionary and you know it. These guys say 'We're for you, suit up; but they end up getting screwed just the same.' ■

CALGARY from page 21

the city's departments to work with the community to produce a new plan for the north development.

And that's exactly what happened. With the assistance of Link Long and his firm, Ingwood, reform their. Two members of the community coalition worked out a new theory (and sketch) of the community and using vacant lands and the maps of a railway. They were called for the removal of 12 houses (some of 200) and was estimated to cost \$49 million. dollars instead of the \$61 million later for the old plan. A gravel pit headed for one corner of the community was scrapped; a community information centre was opened and a series of workshops produced a new plan, which involves doubling the local population — through town houses and small apartments, no highways — while preserving open space and protecting and replacing heavy industry with lighter industry.

Last July Urban Affairs Minister Ron Burdett announced that three million dollars in Neighborhood Improvement

Program funds will be made available for Ingwood and a similar project in Edmonton, and renovation has begun. The plan for the new Ingwood, which was passed by city council in August, covers the strip of nearly every inch in the area. "Of course we like it," says David Lee, vice-president of the community association, "it's our place." ■

TORONTO from page 32

to build in heights. Seeing that council would be evenly divided on the issue, Crocker decided to call in the developer and the local residents' association for a bargaining session.

The outcome was that the developer abandoned his height limit, and the community abandoned the thought of stopping development. Instead city planning department was assigned to advise residents on architecting their views and putting them to the developer.

Finally a new scheme emerged instead of covering apartments, the site is to contain a mix of buildings: more of the more than 25 stories high, with some houses apartments and more. The community wanted a guarantee that 25% of the units would be available for public housing, the developer was willing to accept 35%. The mayor's office and planning staff agreed to mediate and in the end the developer undertook to offer 20% to the Ontario Housing Corporation. As the new project progressed the residents were involved — though not always linked on every aspect from the placement of a day-care centre to the height of dividing walls.

The compromise was won by

Mayor Crombie's staff reflecting a fundamental shift in the city's thinking, and achieving a new commitment to guide the shape of Toronto-to-be, and to involve its citizens in the process. ■

MONTREAL from page 29

some shared in the Quebec Crisis of December 1970 which disrupted the real estate market, and more related to external problems — financing was becoming difficult and, in the neighborhood, the services were getting restless.

They had, in fact, formed a citizens' group, the Mileux-Park (for two streets in the area) Citizens' Committee. However, the Mileux-Park group considered a rather well of bureaucracy when it appeared the government did. In fact, the city, the province and the federal government refused to intervene. The committee won a moral victory when a group of protesters who invaded the Concordia offices were acquitted on criminal charges, but the project was shelved and new bus Concordia bus moved into place. Phase One will now be under construction. It will be followed by Phase Two and Three, and the neighborhood where 2,000 lower-income people lived will merge with 3,000 riders. Urbanologists Anatole Milner and the development shows "the danger of pretending that Montreal has any planning at all, because people think these things are done on purpose when they are just allowed to happen."

He also says "Montreal is a city of losers, and these people have no rights — the right to go rent and the right to be evicted." ■



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SUBJECT After page 25
aching of our atrophied muscles. Pan way up the hill, we were told to stop, turn, and stand still, facing downhill without moving down, and ahead how to do so. Standing and sitting, and falling, and being helped up. I finally found myself looking down a short gentle incline. Immediately I was filled with terror. Knowing that both friend and instructor told me I was doing fine and I responded to this encouragement by pointing my chin to slip out from under me and following those part way down the hill, using as a sliding surface my wet, cold, and burned posterior.

When I returned, our formal instruction began with the instructor throwing us how to flip our arms like birds. Facing forward, we mimed his arm movements. Intentional though it may be to try to I am a good arm flapper. Fear could not come down. Next, the instructor demonstrated how to flip while in, continuously hopping in hopping, and I held my own. Until I slipped that is, whereupon the sliding device deviated a few feet back, repeated itself to the amusement of all but the downdriver.

It would be necessary to remove all my ego and down to me that they were wet, nervous and leaving. Eventually, though I was able to coordinate my flip with my leg. This did not mean the instructor the encouragement to do so. To demonstrate that he took off downhill like a bird all youth and grace I found myself having every slip, unbelieve how in his well-conditioned body and wanting to feel him at his dry, carbonated horizon.

At the foot of the hill he stopped and called to us to follow our own at a pace "After you," said Peter politely. "No After you," I insisted, nervously adding the operator. Graciously he declined and I told him that I hoped by watching his performance to leave from it. Then, suddenly, he without falling he made his flapping, hopping way down the slope.

I was alone, petrified with fear. As I started to consider some sort of a hysterical display, the instructor beckoned to me. Grinning weakly, staring, wondering what to do, I waded back at him. Unfortunately, he was not separately. Suddenly, I was off downhill, terror stricken by his threat, and being slumped at my flip and jump. And I did. I flapped and jumped in frustration, and slowly, not too ungraciously, I made my way down the slope to where friend and instructor, nodding encouragement, waited. I had done it.

I had not fallen.

Following both instructor and numerous I permitted myself to slide slowly down the slope, weaving a clumsy zigzag pattern in the snow. It did it several times, though not always without fall-

tered. And I did it again, and again, falling a great deal while friend Peter cover as much as I stumbled. Each time, I fell more comfortably. The fear was gone.

"Now," the instructor informed us, "we do it from the top of the hill." In a jump, the four returned.

He pointed to a dangerous looking mechanism that ran up the hill, with ugly knots suspended from it and people hanging from the knots. We were off! I understood. This was given to understand, was the point. But that had merely to stand still and look against the seat at the end of the hook, grip the vertical and lightly keep our chin in the air, and be transported upward to do heaven, the hilltop.

Carefully following instructions, I was able to get halfway up the hill before the device's device rejected me like foreign meat and threw me off, coming to an immediate stop as it did so. I tried to release the monster, having miraculously managed to get to my feet unaided, but was restrained by chains and warning bells, indicating that I had to get clear, go down the hill, and start all over again.

I thought this grossly unfair. It was not that way in business or the academy. If you were treated, you might slip back a step or two. But to seem all over again, from the bottom - never. Thinking these deep philosophical thoughts, I continued grudgingly to scramble clear of the lift, slide down the hill without falling, go back on the lift, and start the vicious war further uphill.

Once there, I descended from the lift precisely as directed, but perhaps a shade too early. This unfortunately, left me sliding backward downhill, a sensation which I quickly stopped by using down on my seat, not stopping, despite, unhelpfully with the instructor's assistance of the lift. Again, the lift stopped. On hands and toes I got out of the way and was added to versatility by my friend and the instructor who had preceded me and were waiting patiently for me to stop making a fool of myself.

Having, there been pointed at the bow of the hill by the instructor, I was able on my own to get there without over it was, after all, only 10 feet away. I stood high up the beginning of the way, straight ahead and unable to look down. Heights are not my strong point. I spent then in give me vertigo. Fighting the feeling, I took a deep breath and looked down to discover a small hill with a gentle slope, a mere gentle slope, the other hills. It did not make sense. Either it made me wonder why I had been so displaced.

Following both instructor and numerous I permitted myself to slide slowly down the slope, weaving a clumsy zigzag pattern in the snow. It did it several times, though not always without fall-



June 12, 1960, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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ing. To my annoyance, Peter never did. But, I told myself, I am more content than he, operating on the principle of falling away and not getting hurt, rather than falling over and breaking something. My philosophy, in short, is that as soon as I encounter problems I sit down on my wet and under part.

After the lesson, we met our families for lunch. I ate more standing, not wanting to sit down when it wasn't absolutely necessary and being anxious to stay off the benches. Between mouthfuls, the more expert skiers in our party told me that I had acquired myself nobly. I, in turn, admitted to progressing beyond my expectations. Having, I now felt, was not nearly as frightening as I had been led to believe. In fact, I finally confessed, I liked it.

That was Peter's cue to inveigle me into another lesson that very afternoon. Wet, weary, and itching, I agreed. Who was I to hold up progress?

I won't burden you with the details of the second lesson, save to say that by the end of it, I was using poles and executing something called parallel turns on a very shady hill. And, in view of marvels, I was performing just a shade better than the unhelpfully cooing Peter. Now, I don't know enough about skiing to appreciate how difficult parallel turns are to learn on long skis, but when I tell a skier that I executed parallel turns at the end of my second GEM lesson, on my first day of skiing, at the age of 45, he invariably says, "I hate you!" If, however, I convey great intelligence to a non-skier, he says, "Why are you telling me to sit, a complete non-skier?"

My small but working ski season went quickly to my head, and it was soon as swollen as the other end of me, though drier. Now, this hooked on skiing and can't get enough of it. I could ski around the clock. That's why, some night, long after the news, buses had stopped running, if you see a middle-aged man with a sore wet bottom walking like Chaplin up the side of a ski hill at his moonlight, be sure to wave. It will be me. ■

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Doesn't it make sense to trade some of

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Coin issues are available now through banks, financial institutions, numismatic outlets, and by mail. Only limited amounts will be minted. Place your orders early.



The Olympic Idea—ours to keep alive



Rating the chauvinists on a Richler scale

Put 35 women (and a handful of men) together for a weekend, tell them to talk about Canadian Women in Literature — and what do you get? An "Academy" conference. Not so much for what was done there (what do people ever do at conferences?) but for what was felt. The undercurrents and exchanges, signals and responses among a disparate group of women with a common denominator: Sexism. We were all women. Furies going up: "Yes, I know when you mean. Yes, you may look and act like a middle-aged (young), liberal (radical), bourgeois (mousy), apologetic (cynical), civil servant (woman's libber), but I understand what you're saying anyway." The relief was palpable. No need to spend precious time on arguing the obvious: women are exploited, women writers have problems, a lot of male writers are sexist and the critics are out to lunch. Someone quoted the poet Irving Layton as having said, "Women are earthbound, man is housebound" and everybody bowed, someone else quoted the novelist Marley Caspary as saying Margaret Laurence "writes past the side of story space" and the collective "Boo!" was lifted. It was that sort of conference. As for the professor present, they were treated with courtesy but with no great interest. I think they wondered what they were doing there.

Women Literature: Canada. They overlook Hill, being a writer anywhere is a problem: who reads books anymore and can a writer change society and what could be more distant and self-indulgent than to scribble away at your little desk, describing your frustration with infinite tenderness, the public be damned! But worst of all, most nervous of all, is trying to do all this while being a woman too. Women are like Canadians: 10 years ago, total, self-consciousness, overlooked. It is so evident that the struggle for women's liberation and the growth of Canadian feminism are flowering together. The vision there is many applications. And now the levers in all the camps are fighting

back. That was the consensus of the conference, held in the Guinness halls, near Ottawa, and everyone agreed that the "Academy" has been exposed, taken on. In some cases, he was specific. "The redoubtable poet Miriam Waddagton described Marley Caspary's novel, *St. Urbain's River*, as 'one of the most odious books ever written about women' and women as 'too brainwashed, they just flap their lips and take it.'" Hugh MacLennan's sentimentalism was also Robert Kroetsch's just plain "mumbo." Leonard Cohen is unconsciously racist about sex and "frustrated," to quote Waddagton, "I'm just not very interested anymore in reading about men's sexual exploits." As for real feminist heroines, like Jane Eyre and Melba and Hilda Geiger, they have come from other people's literature. Clearly, if we want to know about ourselves, we have to turn to women writing in Canada.

Women write about women in ways that few men ever have. They look behind the mythologies of virgins and sinners, love and sex, work and art, and expose the everyday realities, some brutal, some comic, of female life. Realities so often represented as trivial, ridiculous or mildly heroic by male writers. They expose, too, female characters such as mothers, virgins, queens and schoolgirls with an unconventional compassion and identification, unlike the sometimes "viral and vicious" portraits offered up by men. And, most important of all, perhaps, they give us all a sense of women's history, a description of where we've been and where we've lived and what we did, as well as in some cases throwing a prophetic look into our future possibilities. Without these records and stories and poems, you would think that Canada was a nation of amiable cowards, with a few Earth Goddesses, Tumbrelmen and dreamers thrown in to keep the nation going.

Of course, just because women writers write about women doesn't make them necessarily feminist, as novelist Selma Fraser pointed out. But this becomes harder and harder to distinguish, especially among the younger writers. Margaret Atwood describes horrific love affairs, Margaret Laurence explores the rebellion of a young old woman, Gabrielle Charbonneau's protagonists, violence and stillness, Marie-Claire Hebert creates madonnas and virgins. Women, they seem to be saying, are angry, outraged, powerful, in motion. No more losers. And if that isn't feminism, then perhaps it's time to think of a new word.

But nothing is so simple. Someone thought that "propaganda" writing about a character like the queen, to which George and Jeanette Margaret Anderson replied that (as one told that to Leo Tolstoy or Albert Camus). A writer confessed to feeling guilty about putting a girl writing and seeing children, while a young poet wondered if you can be an artist and a social activist at the same time. The men in the audience declared that Atwood's male characters are "impossible" creatures while sociologist Marjorie Stephen and that, on the contrary, they were characteristically crude. The men's voices were heard pointed out that Superwoman was useful figures in showing that women, too, can be heroic. Someone asked why working-class women hadn't been invited to the conference, and Selma Charbonneau was concerned that the literature of women will come from the "dignity of work." Celia Alcega confessed that he had learned this was "too basic to my fear of women." And a journalist asked: can someone please define the difference between the female and male consciousness? The answer was inconclusive.

On the last evening of the conference, there was a series of "readings", people sprinkled on cushions around a fireplace, drinking tea. Poets about growing old ("I will write slowly in Asenach"), being young in Winnipeg, living alone ("Alone is the retreat of the crowd"), protesting Vietnam. A chapter from Nadine Manich's *The Saffron Tree*, tales from an Indian woman in British Columbia, a satire about "Natives in New Zealand," a story about divorce and a poem about a town in New Brunswick. Women writers. People began to talk about their own. Sometimes from right here.



Myrna Kostash: the "Academy" was exposed

A melancholy view of Quebec corruption

As a study of political corruption in Quebec, *Revenue Fadoeur* is a damning indictment. Unfortunately its strength is also its weakness. In movies, one should never stick to the truth when the truth is dull. Director Denys Arcand apparently depends on the film's moral importance to outweigh any objection one may have otherwise to this low-key, slow, somewhat nothing story about a millionaire kaggle in public works who strangles to have his wife murdered when she returns to his life after a long absence. I found the film to be as exciting as a bowl of cold porridge; there is, no doubt, some solid movie-making here but not much flavor or enticement. It's questionable whether one can take a low-budget film about rich people (the ones not, the home of Vincent D'Onofrio and a lot of Selig Institute-leather chairs and Cameraplex telephones; the overall color is chocolate brown). It's not only miserably tedious, it's uninteresting in the home of a millionaire. *Revenue Fadoeur* is a politically correct film, but as political awareness is that of a morally astute adolescent. When I asked, last month, concerning Goli-Goli's *Suez Of Suez*, "Why is it no Canadian film director has created a film as powerful and important as this?" I should have added a speculative answer: *Suez Of Suez* is made with the knowledge that there are at least two sides to most social issues and the film is imbued with the understanding of understanding both sides. A film such as *Revenue Fadoeur* (and it is typical of Quebecois thought) knows only one-sidedness and knows it narrowly. Every member of the Fadoeur household is something of a joyous creep. The film depicts a world in which women use their sex for material gain (they have no other attributes, no other ideas) and men use hard power with guns to work their will — to get rid of an old wife or beat up a group of young demonstrators. Sons from the outside, the casual observer, one man whose wife has no ideological use to him, that's the way life among people of power and property may seem. Even if they are guilty of the crimes which Arcand accuses them of committing,

there is more to them than he depicts on film. What Arcand would apparently find difficult to accept is that *Revenue Fadoeur* is not just unexciting by corruption, it is uninspired, it has no interest in complex traits, or moral ambiguity. The film deserves a minimal respect because it is one of a very few Canadian films that's actually about something important to modern society, a screenplay view of evil is probably better than no view at all.

Fapillon

At the age of 80, Henri Charrière wrote his first book, *Fapillon* (The Butterfly). It became an international sensation, selling millions of copies. Convinced in Paris in 1931 for a murder he had not committed Charrière was sentenced to life imprisonment in the penal colony of French Guiana. He was 25. He spent the rest of his life denying his crimes, his false accusations and judges.

Forty-two days after his first stretch of imprisonment, he made his first escape, traveling 1,500 miles on the open sea in a tent. He was recognized by French authorities in Colombia, and sentenced to two-year solitary confinement in a small, windowless, concrete tomb, where he kept his sanity only through hallucinations. No one spoke to him, not even the guards. His mental condition, of a half-madness, a half-obsession, made him a man who suffered the effects and demands of society. When released from this "crazy penitentiary" Charrière could scarcely see or walk. He was one of very few men to survive the brutalizing treatment.

After eight more attempted escapes, coming, sometimes, penniless, he was sent to Devil's Island from which no one, except as a doctor, had ever escaped. He died on a malaria-infected island, filled with drugs, for 40 hours under a scorching blistering sun. His book, and now the film written directed by Franklin J. Schaffner (France), is an important

testament about a life as hell. It seems to belong more to an historic era than a 20th-century story.

Everything is here the horror of the penal barracks, the stretch of days, the sound of the whip on human flesh, of the pilot boat on human heads, the violence of the open sea and the analysis of man, and the character of a man who wouldn't give up. If the film has one fault it is that of ending. Steve McQueen has so often portrayed (outward) men of action that his presence in *Fapillon* makes the story seem untrue, or, at the very least, less of an exception than it truly is. There is nothing wrong with his acting as such, indeed *Fapillon* is likely to be his best role and the film that gives him a deserved splash in film history, nevertheless while the performance of Steve McQueen and Denis Hoffman protect the commercial prospects of the film at the box office, they reduce the uniqueness of Charrière's life. We are reminded at every turn that this is a big, expensive, Hollywood movie, with brilliant faces and popular stars. Charrière's book has been treated well, the only filmation that has kept it in a subtle and meaningful one, he now has too much glamour.

The Sting

For many couples the question is, what film is worth the price of a baby-sitter, a bad-mannered movie and an evening's parking, a hefty suburban charge of six dollars or more, plus an after-show snack at inflated prices? It costs so much to go to movies these days a minute to judgment gets thoroughly depressing. *The Sting* is not only good, it's terrifically good even as a quantum director George Roy Hill and actors Paul Newman and Robert Redford in a film that far surpasses their previous *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid* (1969) in solid entertainment value. *The Sting* is so funny, so charming and diverting, it's one of the few films I've ever seen that could be offered to the public with a



Robert Redford and Ellen Barkin, screenwriters in a 1989 interview with *The Star*.

Money-book parameter of pleasure.

It's a playful movie, a nice romp, set in Chicago in the 1930s, about two con-artists (Newman and Redford) who are out to pull the "big one" of a lifetime: swindling two million dollars from a shrewd and vicious New York gangster boss (portrayed by Robert Shaw) partly for revenge, because he killed a friend of theirs, but mostly for the sport of it, for the fun of wit and nerve. The film has a unique plot (and a pitiful ending) than an Agatha Christie thriller, and yet reviewer who develops too much deserves some laughs of soul as the old Christmas stocking. The film opens covering the audience, just in its central characters do it setting up a trick, and it never seems to be anything other than a tell story, well told, made and acted by people who love movies, and keep us from boredom a good time.

Like another Universal release earlier this year, *Out Of The Fog*, *The Sting* is first-class entertainment. It takes great skill to make a film with such professional polish, but the most striking quality of this movie is its claims, heart-beating, looking it in, it does. It's a firmly movie, there's a good report among the cast and a tonic, upbeat mood. It will brighten up your life, for a day or two, or at the very least it'll give you a temporary mood, for an hour or two.

The New Land

This unusual pair of Swedish director Jan Troell's epic film study of frontier America (*The Emigrants*, the first half, was released last Christmas and proved to be one of the most popular art films in many years) is definitely one of the 10 best films of 1977. There is only one possible fault. Many of the films I recommend — *Cries And Whispers*, *Kagemorita*, *Suez Of Suez*, *Out Lucky*

Meet among others — are, as yet, seldom read on complex, somewhat on the emotionally only side. *The New Land* is a beautiful film, and it is two and three-quarter hours, a masterpiece experience, but so one I usually will call it moving or passionate. The film that set the bar, the deepest into life are always "cold" virtues. It has found many, it's because they have a hard behind them, instead of the usual rapping of thin skin, man-silly glances and laments. The new land is a masterpiece, 1932 Karl Oskar Nilsson and his wife Kristina (portrayed by Max von Sydow and Lise Ullmann) arrive with no money, and face a long winter. One day our children will think as for coming to America," he tells her. They spend their first winter without seeing by foot their food. In the spring, Karl Oskar's younger brother Robert takes off for California because "In America everyone is his own boss." He's heard of the legends of gold. He's 18, and that's that.

Season by season, year by year, the film portrays the vicissitudes and joys of pioneer life. One understands the necessity of having large families, deeply for odds of survival. *The New Land* is a film filled with original touches and intelligent insights, into the hard, heroic families who built the foundations of Canada and the United States a century ago. Few of their dreams are realized. Robert returns from California (swayed by yellow-jack fever, with a pocketful of worthless money) Kristina dies at the age of 33, due to complications that led to a miscarriage. By the time Karl dies, none of his children speak Swedish, and are unable to inform relatives or friends in the "old country" that he has died. Another family is wiped out by Sioux Indians, down to the smallest child. At these a lot of death here, there's also a lot of life

The New Land is about whole families and all that can befall people from birth to death, in road or comfort, sickness or health, love or loneliness. It leaves one in a contemplative mood. The acting, photography, opening use of dialogue and music, editing and art designs are all first-class.

The latest project in our Christmas stocking is from Canada's third network, Global Television, which begins transmission in Ontario this month, and will expand later throughout Quebec. Dozens of Canadian movies (some of them languishing for years, dusty with neglect from distribution and television programmers) will be shown, at the rate of one a week for the coming year. For many viewers, it will be like suddenly discovering a heritage they never knew existed. Films by Paul Amund, Claude Jutra, Gilles Carlier, Denis Dineen, and many others, major and minor artists, will be shown. The French films will be carefully dubbed, Global promises, and most of them are being shown in English for the first time. The lead-off film is Denis Héroux's *Par Ma Voie*, a big success in Quebec, to be followed shortly by Gilles Carlier's *And, Now of A Sweet Young Girl*. Global's lineup of Canadian movies is well well educated, except for Miss Onley Adams, sold to CTV, and *Kagemorita*, sold to the CBC. Whenever the network, these films will be reaching their largest audience to date, and that audience, as the fall and winter box office figures testify, is a constantly growing one. Global promises a policy of no censorship, and as involved in a selection of commercial messages as possible, with a minimum of censorship. There will be so, as often is possible, interviews with the film directors, and lively debates about the themes and ideas of the films.



Max von Sydow and Lise Ullmann holding the two new kids.



New Sweden settlers at the end of the 19th century. Photo courtesy of Robert Chisholm.

Kung Fu and the cult of the gentle hero

He walks towards the camera, the rising sun and a hill in his background. He is weary, stumbling with fatigue, barefoot, his clothes are ragged, his hair unkempt. All his worldly possessions are wrapped in a pack slung across his back along with a shepherd's pipe. He is Odysseus, the Wanderer, the Stranger, the archaic hero of western culture. He is half-Chinese and half-American and his name is Kwai Chang Caine.

A Chinese Buddhist monk, expert in the deadly art of kung fu, who uses his skill only in self-defence, a recluse who lives in poverty and searches for wisdom, a gentle man who defends the weak against the powerful and who, having lifted once, refuses to take no other life, is a strange hero to appear in Nineteen California, produced in the same movement that churns out the calculated brutality of *Kojak* and *Police Story*, but it is precisely this demand of mystery and rapture which gives *Kung Fu* (CTV—Thursday, 9 p.m.), like *Barbarella*, its magical power. With all its gentlemanly homilies, *kung fu* and faked fights, *Kung Fu* is the best adventure show on TV because it's beautifully made and because it deals most truthfully with the relationship between man.

Kung Fu has become a cult, especially among children, because it demands isolation, a different way of looking at violence. Its style is slow, rhythmic, oblique and much of it is po-

etry in silence — Caine says little and what he does say is usually cryptic. You get impatient for the big fight, the cap-up action of shoot-out TV, sustained with Caine's slow, steady English which sounds often like *I Dream of Jeannie*, but once you get past all these barriers and accept *Kung Fu* as an epic romance, full of dragons and serpents and other fabulous beasts, it's easy to be seduced by Caine's dry charm and by the support, not for one's bodice but for their souls. Like Odysseus, Caine was not because he's stronger but because he's smarter, and that makes him as much an American man as John Wayne.

Kung Fu is not the product of a new American fascination with China — the Oriental tropes are essentially identical, mystical house-paints to enchant the audience and grab our attention — but an attempt to confront contemporary America by projecting it's a fairy tale. A Chinese spiritual on the American frontier is as strange a creature as Gulliver in Lilliput and, like Swift's classic, *Kung Fu* is satire. Caine, the outsider with the ironic smile, provides a new focus, a different point of view from which to examine the things that everyone takes for granted. *Kung Fu* contains some of the toughest language, some of the most powerful portraits of war and corruption I have ever seen on television. All the petty mediocrity, the vulgarity and violence of America is played out in front of Caine's quester face. His innocence, honesty and courage provide a moral commentary for which *kung fu* is only the physical expression. We feel tapping stones with a theodolite.

Homer, as far as we know, was a poet in prehistoric Greece who supported himself by reciting his poems. He was, in a sense, the television of his time. His poems are full of rhetoric and stock formulas and rhetorical devices because that's what he needed to communicate with his audience. *Kung Fu* uses much of the same art — slow-motion film, close-ups, stylized language — to achieve a kind of popular poetry in a post-literate age. The use of this formal style does not make the show any less real, or any less important in what it is saying, than the TV acts. The secret is in the skill and intelligence with which the show is put together.

The Odyssean myth also provides the basis for CTV's new series *The Swiftest* (CTV—Friday, 7 p.m.), a sci-fi space drama about a lost spaceship drifting toward destruction with the remains of the earth's population B-

can't come soon enough. *The Swiftest*, with its paper-mâché sets and three Thrakianians, stars in suspense outfit, is as boring as *Kung Fu* is dramatic, a cheap (for \$100,000 a show) rip-off of *Starline* machine better show pictures. At one point the three mountaineers who are trying to save the ship arrive in Lotus land where they are piled with honeyed bait. *Devon*, the Odysseus of the show, breaks the spell with the immortal words "C'mon you guys. It's all in our hands." The sarcastic Duplex, played by a paranoid computer, uses all her wiles to seduce the staidest *Devon*: "Listen, *Devon*, she purrs, "you help me and I'll help you." "No!" cries the faithful *Devon*, "you can't cheat up your own reproduction."

With less like this, *Homer* would have started to die.

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Wende: Countryline (CBC — Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)
Watch for The Ombudsman (CBC — Sunday, Jan. 6, 10:30 p.m.)
The Collaborators (CBC — Sunday, 9 p.m.)

PARADE

Throughout the past summer, one of the most popular sights of the Montreal scene was a musical group always named Pepper, who wandered the city, entertaining children in the parks and passing on handouts to the downtown area which drew thousands of office workers. Pepper, a former Bureau of Railways clown, made his living by passing the hat after each performance.

But Pepper became too successful and, like all muscians, inspired imitators. Pseudo-clowns began roaming

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David Caradine, new action hero of *Kung Fu*



Pepper's friends are with his imitators

the parks they had little of Pepper's talent but an abundance of greed. When people refused to contribute to their after-show collections, they would reach into pockets or purses and encourage spectators into giving them money. The people complained and police, who had been taming a wild eye in Pepper's violence of a city before banning such performances in city parks, had to start enforcing it.

Pepper says the police were sympathetic: "They allowed me to finish my act and even let me pass the hat around before they approached me. They were very considerate and polite about the whole thing," but they told him the show must stop.

Pepper is gone from the parks now, off to Paris to study mime, taking with him a bit of the color of the city. But the big losses are the children, who loved his acrobatics and the adults he created for them from balloons, and the office workers, who have gone back to staring into their office cups through their lunch hours.



Stewart, left; the editors and author

in the country. They were part of whatever it was that had to be cured.

In the 1960s Canadian novels caught up with those south of the border and were set in the city too.

Now the spruce of the city has begun to decline as pollution, overcrowding and violence have become associated with the urban experience. Instead of a nation of farmers yearning for the city we have become a nation of city dwellers filled with nostalgia for the country.

The novels that used to be written in Canada were not very lively. People froze and died. It always took a long time. But recently there has been a new crop of novels set in the country. These novels are in some strange way more hopeful than previous, and instead of having the usual message that life is short, brutal, and probably not worth the bother, they are almost, if such things are possible in this country, optimistic. They have their dark sides, of course, but what is most to be feared in these books is not so much the harshness of nature as the intrusion of technology and the city. In *The Walrus Fear* (House of Anansi, \$7.95), Wynton Drew tells the story of several boys from a small town in northern Ontario. The town's economic life is dominated by its pulp mill and the fate of the people who live there are determined by the changing technology of the mill, the deaths it causes and the jobs it offers.

The novel is conversationally written and easy to read. But it has a certain quality; the characters never seem quite real except when they are away from the town — rather in complete wilderness or in Toronto. Running through the novel is the 19th-century diary of a Hudson's Bay Company trader whose civilized personality is gradually destroyed by his encounter with the wilderness and who finally ends up insane and unrecognizable to the company or his Indian wife. The best parts of the book are

the excerpts from the diary, especially those that concern the Webster farm itself, a fantastic wilderness in which everything, island and participants, is finally consumed by fire.

Like *The Walrus Fear*, *We The Wilderness*, by Thomas York (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95), is a first novel. It is the story of a community of Indians located on the British Columbia coast, and the gradual destruction of that community through the effects of civilization and the attitude that it is more convenient to live thus to die. The main character of the novel is the son of the village's original doctor and missionary. He runs the hospital and keeps track of the names and the methods of the outsiders. The last in a long line of one sentence, or more, three runs down in an attempt to rescue another man — also drowned. The son comes to feel that his father was the one who brought the village to this state and decides that he too must die, in some sort of redemption statement. In a curious sense at the end he changes his mind. There is the replacement that, despite everything, the wilderness will survive. Whether the wilderness includes people is unclear.

Scenes (Scribner, \$9.95), Robert Hood's novel, is also set in British Columbia. But it is in the center of the province and for all the resemblance it bears to the British Columbia of *We The Wilderness*, it could be 10,000 miles away. Aside from being the title of the book, *Scenes* is the name of the book's narrator, a journalist who is trying to reconstruct his town's history. He picks up fragments in the story of two of the town's founding and legendary characters, Thelin and Linden. Their first encounter happened in the bush, during a winter they spent together from which only Thelin came alive. The story of Thelin and Linden is without doubt the ultimate myth of mental synthesis and dissection. At the end of the winter Thelin drops the remains of Linden, who is still living, out of the bush and they journey down the breaking ice river in a cabin where people are waiting for them. By the time they get to the cabin, Linden is dead. "You couldn't have brought him," they tell Thelin, "we would have believed you didn't kill him." After the preceding events the statement is more than ironic. *We The Wilderness* and *The Walrus Fear* may interfere people's desire to leave the city for more general diets, if there is anything concrete in *Scenes* it lies not in the benevolence or purity of nature, but in the sheer mystery of its characters.

BOOKS / MATT COHEN

New calls from the Canadian wild

Like most children I was always curious to know why my parents hadn't loved themselves to death. The answer seemed to lie in various hidden solitaires that couldn't be killed about in the living rooms but could be seen on the street scenes or read about in paperback novels. The paperback novels were usually set in the city. At first they were about young men, returned war heroes, who because corrupted and degraded while engaging in the innocent pursuit of money and sex. After a while the novels changed and were about young men seeking ways to be corrupted and degraded without having to get a job. This too happened in the city. All the paperback novels were American of course. That isn't to say that there weren't Canadian novels. I remember them well. They sat ponderously on the bookshelves, threatening to break through with all their long sentences and dying characters. They were set

My Cohen is a DC-based Canadian expert whose latest work, *The Deconstructed, It Being Published*, by Mr. Cleveland and Steven's first spring.



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